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	C	TYNO	ENTS					
ARTICLES.	,	.0111	41111				1	Page
University College, Sou	thampton, 19	32-33.	A Survey	v				1
The Oldest Map of Sout	hampton, by	F. C. 1	filler					8
The Southampton Civic	Centre, by In	galton	Sanders					15
							19	
								29
George Herbert After Three Hundred Years, by V. de Sola Pinto								33
John Keble and The Oxford Movement, by E. S. Lyttel								42
The Beginnings of English Humanism, by Walter F. Schirmer								45
Over the Vatnajokull, b	v F. W. Ander	rson						50
Alfred of Wessex, by Sir								57
Our Villages, by J. W. I								66
Larmer Tree, by J. V. B								77
Students' Union								87
otacines chion "								
POEMS.								_
Milton in 1660, by Monic	a Lee		***		***		•••	7
Amnis Ibat, by E. H. Bl	akeney				•••			18
The Leaf, by R. J. D. Be	lgrave				•••			28
Ballade to Our Lady, by							•••	40
The Old Man of Verona		1 Pope		•••			•••	41
Sonnet, by S. Gurney Di:	xon							44
Vision				• • • •				49
Byrhtnoth at Maldon (A			Potter					65
The Stour in Do'set, by	P. T. Freema	n	•••					76
Cranborne Chase, by R.	. J. D. Belgrav	re	•••	•••		•••	***	80
REVIEWS.								81
Map of Neolithic Wessex, by The Ordnance Survey, Southampton (Heywood Sumner The Story of Winchester, by W. Lloyd Woodland (A. M. Trout)								83
The Story of Wincheste	r, by W. Lloy	a wood	iand (A. M	t, liou				84
Hesiod, Works and Day	s, ed. by I. A	. Sincia	m, M.A. (G	r. F. FC	uscy)			85
Ausonius. The Mosell	a. By E. H.	Blaken	y (G. F. F	Amobia	/C 10 10			86
M. Tulli Ciceronis Pro	M. Gaeno Or	atio, e	1. by R. G.	T Wat	whom C T	Macy)	٠٠٠	86
M. Tulli Ciceronis Pro	L. Flacco Or	atio, ec	i. by 1. b.	I. WEI	ister (G. r	. Porsey	"	00
ILLUSTRATIONS.								
Portland Terrace (Penc	il Drawing by	Toyce '	Withvoomb	e)			Frontis	piece
The Oldest Map of Sou				·			facing 1	
	/ S	outh F	acade)				
The Southampton Civic Centre { South Façade Mayor's Parlour } fi						facing 1	p. 16	
1	Lake near I				vatn)			
	Base Camp							
Over the Vatnajökull	Looking East from Camp fe						facing 1	p. 50
	Camp on Ice-cap							
	(Ph	otograp	hs by F. V	V. Ande	rson)			
Old Winchester (Drawing by Adrian de Friston)								p. 83
[Illustration to The Story of Winchester reproduced by kind permission								
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An Annual Record of the Movement for a University of Wessex

Vol. II No. 3

Published by The Oxford University Press for University College, Southampton 1933



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- WESSEX is designed to serve as a rallying point for the forces working to create a UNIVERSITY OF WESSEX based on University College, Southampton, and also to provide an Annual Review of Intellectual Affairs for the district. It is published annually at the end of May.
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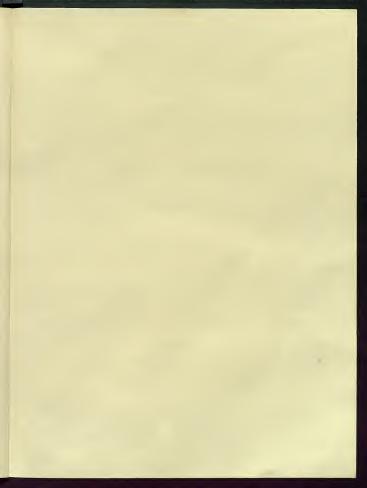


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An Annual Record of the Movement for a University of Wessex

Vol. II No. 3

1st JUNE, 1933

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, SOUTHAMPTON 1931-32.

A SURVEY

IKE other institutions in this country, University College, Southampton, is feeling the results of the general economic depression. The immediate financial position for the current session is entirely satisfactory so far as the annual income and expenditure of the College is concerned. There is a very good prospect that a sufficient surplus will be left after the year's working materially to reduce the debt, but the outlook for 1933-34 is very different indeed. A new factor has been introduced by a change in the policy of the Board of Education. In 1929 the Board asked the College to admit a large number of students for the Two Year Course leading to the Teachers' Certificate. At the time the College had definitely adopted the policy of terminating the Two Year Course, but it was agreed to meet the wishes of the Board, and a hundred of these students were admitted. These numbers were again increased at the request of the Board in the session 1930-31, though in the present session small reductions were made. The agreement with the Board of Education concerning these students was for a period of five years, but this winter the College was offered a choice of two alternatives. The first was to maintain the agreement, subject to reductions, until the end of the session 1934-35, and then to lose all the additional students in training. The other alternative was to terminate the Two Year Course at the end of this session and to receive in place of the present quota of Two Year students about a quarter of the number of Four Year or Two Year students as compensation. Although this arrangement will entail serious financial loss to the College for a time, at any rate, the Council has decided to take the long view and to accept the second alternative. Financial considerations prevent the organization of separate classes for a small number of Two Year students, and so the result will be that the Two Year Course for Teachers will terminate at the end of next session, and that in future years there will be a slight increase in the number of Degree students who are being trained for the teaching profession. The immediate effect will be that the numbers recognised in the Education Department will be reduced by

WESSEX

about 101 next session and in the following session by another 54. The financial consequence of this arrangement, as far as can be foreseen, will be to reduce the balance of nearly £3,000 which was available for the reduction of debt, to a deficit of almost an equal sum. Economies of a drastic nature will have to be the order of the day, but no pains will be spared to maintain the general efficiency of the College. The most serious element in the financial situation is the debt. At the present time the debt incurred by the building of New Hall is roughly £37,000 and on the College loan and Capital accounts £36,000. The College is under obligation to reduce the debt on New Hall by £2,500 a year with interest, which this year will amount to a total of £4,000. As an offset to this debt on the credit side there will come to the College about £11,000 during the next eight years as the result of promises of generous benefactors. It is obvious that the expansion of the activities of the College is seriously hampered by these heavy debt obligations. At no time in its history has the College been in greater need of the support of all who believe in the future of higher education.

Readers of Wessez will be aware that, for a long time, University College has been badly in need of adequate Library accommodation, and the concern felt by members of the Senate on this subject was expressed in the Report drawn up by a Special Committee last year. At the beginning of the present session the new Librarian, Miss D. P. Powell, M.A., took up her duties; and she has carried out a very thorough reorganization of the present Library resources of the College. In November the Principal was able to announce to Council that two very good friends of the College, the Misses M. Sims, had made an offer of a munificent gift for the special purpose of erecting a new Library building, to be called the Sims Library in memory of their father, the late Edward Grassam Sims. This offer was gratefully accepted by Council, and a special Committee has been appointed to supervise the erection of the new block. It has been decided that the new Library building should be erected so as to fill the gap between the two wings of the present College building. Plans have been drawn up by Lt.-Col. R. F. Gutteridge and have been submitted to the Committee, and Sir Giles Scott Gilbert, R.A., has consented to act as consultant architect. Though no plans have been finally approved, it has been decided that the building shall include a main reading room with wall shelving for about 30,000 volumes with six study rooms leading from it, and only to be approached from the main Library entrance. The main reading room will probably be on the first floor, and the study rooms on the ground floor, together with work-rooms, store-rooms, repair-rooms, etc. The possibility of further expansion is being kept in view, and the building will be placed so that extension can easily be carried out. A careful study has been made of the latest designs in Library buildings, and no effort will be spared to ensure that the new College Library will be worthy of a University Institution both in appearance and in the facilities it will offer to readers. We hope to be in a position to publish a full account of the new Library buildings in next year's issue of Wessex.

The College is deeply indebted to the generosity of its President, Dr. C. G. Monténore, for a gift of £1,000 for the furnishing and re-equipment of South Stoneham House.

A hearty welcome has been extended by all members of the College to Professor A. A. Cock on his return from the United States. His lectures at the General Theo-

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, SOUTHAMPTON

logical Seminary at New York attracted much attention. He has returned in excellent health, and has thrown himself with his usual vigour into the work of the College. In Professor Cock's absence Mr. G. G. Dudley acted as Head of the Department of Education and Mr. F. W. Anderson as Warden of South Stoneham House, Their services in these circumstances have been gratefully acknowledged by Council and Senate.

We regret to have to record the loss of two members of the Council, both of whom were old and valued friends of the College. Mr. F. J. Burnett died after a very short illness on the 10th December, and Mr. A. C. Howard on the 29th December as the result of a street accident. Mr. Burnett had been a member of the Council since 1927. He was an active member of the Finance Committee and performed valuable services to the College in that capacity. He often visited the College and took a great interest in its work. His geniality and business acumen were highly valued by his colleagues on the Council and by all members of the College with whom he came into contact.

Mr. Howard's connection with the Council dates back much further. He was first appointed in 1912, and he has been a member ever since that date. His services to the College were numerous and varied, and his loyalty and devotion to the cause of higher education were among the most prominent traits in his character. He took a very active part in the work of the Council and served on most of its Committees. He was Chairman of the Accounts Sub-Committee, and in this capacity performed an immense amount of valuable routine work for the College. To these activities he brought a long business experience, a patience and a tact which could hardly have been excelled. His enthusiasm, his kindly disposition, and his readiness to help on all occasions endeared him to everyone in the College, and his death is deeply mourned by all who had the privilege of being associated with him in the work to which he devoted so much of his time and energy.

Wessex offers its congratulations to the members of Council who have received municipal honours. Mr. Councillor Woolley was re-elected this year to the Mayoralty of Southampton. He was elected to the College Council in November, 1931, but his interest in the College goes back to a much earlier date. He was one of the most enthusiastic members of the Business Men's Committee, which did so much towards raising funds for the College in Southampton. His help, his advice, and his hard work on this Committee have made the College his very grateful debtor, and we rejoice that such a good friend of university education occupies the position of first magistrate of Southampton. We also congratulate Mr. Alderman Kimber upon his receipt of the Freedom of the Borough. He has been a member of the College Council since 1911 and has taken a very keen interest in its work, serving on many of its Committees. He has always placed his great business knowledge and experience generously at the service of the College. At the luncheon given to celebrate the conferring of the Freedom of the Borough upon him, Dr. S. Gurney Dixon represented the College and expressed the deep appreciation of the Council for the valuable work which he had done for the cause of university education in Southampton. We understand that this distinction was conferred on Mr. Alderman Kimber largely in recognition of his services to the town in connection with the new Civic Centre, and we are glad to be able to publish in the present issue of Wessex an account of this fine new public building.

WESSEX

In this time of severe unemployment it is encouraging to find that of the seven full-time students who passed out of the Engineering Department in October, 1932, all except one obtained satisfactory employment before Christmas, and the single exception is a student who is staying at College to carry on a year's research in extending Professor Jenkin's work on the pressure excrted by earth upon retaining walls.

Local Engineering firms are co-operating with the Department in working the scheme of part-time instruction. It is hoped that many firms will be able to benefit from this scheme, and that a co-ordination of the instruction which they receive at College with the experience they gain at the works will constitute an excellent practical training. Special Evening instruction is to be given to students who passed through the National Certificate courses to extend their knowledge of marine engineering subjects so as to assist them in passing the Board of Trade examination for Engineer Officers at Sea. The Professor of Engineering has been advanced from Associate to full membership of the Institution of Naval Architects.

Much research work is being carried out by the Department of Botany, including an exhaustive survey of the vegetation of the Hurst Castle shingle bank, Tuberisation of plant tissues is being studied, and an examination is being made of the reaction of such tissues to certain leaf-eating bugs. The plant communities of the river Avon are also being investigated.

It has been found possible by rearrangement, and a certain amount of work undertaken by the Works Department, to increase the usefulness of the Physical Laboratory very considerably. Cellings have been put into two rooms, thus providing greater control over temperature, an important factor in such a laboratory. In addition to this, floor space has been provided above the ceiling, and this is now being used for glass-blowing and similar operations, and stores, thus giving much needed additional accommodation in the part of the laboratory formerly used for this purpose. A new research room has been created by the erection of partitions, and the cellar has once more been brought into service for spectroscopy.

Professor H. R. Mills, of Madras, an old student of the department, has returned to the department to carry on research in spectroscopy during a year's leave of absence; this will bring the number of research workers in the department up to eight.

An interesting sidelight on the revival of certain industries is thrown by the desion of the Research Council of Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., to renew its subvention to the Department of Chemistry to assist its research work during the present session.

A most successful Geographical Exhibition was organized by the students of the Department of Geography at the end of November. The exhibits included maps, apparatus used in the teaching of geography, and books, both of technical and general interest. The Exhibition was organized in co-operation with Messrs. George Philips & Son, Ltd., and was opened by the Headmaster of Lancing College. A general discussion on its results was held on the afternoon of the 3rd December. This meeting was attended by teachers from many parts of the district.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, SOUTHAMPTON

There has been a progressive development of the activities of the Extra-Mural Department throughout the session. In spite of the economic depression, the number of the classes continues to increase, and the quality of the work to improve. For the fourth successive year a Cassell Scholarship has been awarded to an Extra-Mural student of the College. This is a notable achievement, as only eight of these scholarships are awarded for the whole country. Mr. F. W. Cuthbertson, M.A., for ten years Staff Tutor for Tutorial Classes, has resigned on his appointment to the Town Cleriship of Eastleigh, and Mr. James Cameron, B.A., has been appointed to fill the vacancy.

In June, 1932, Mr. F. W. Anderson, M.Sc., of the Department of Zoology, accompanied the expedition to Iceland organized by the Scott Polar Research Institute, Cambridge, as the Zoologist and Geologist to the party. Mr. Anderson has given several lectures on his experiences to large audiences in the College, and we have pleasure in publishing in this year's issue of Wessex an article from his pen on the expedition.

A new series of Public Lectures at University College, was inaugurated this season. The subject of the first was 'Chaucer', and it was delivered on 21st October by Professor E. de Sélincourt, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. On the 21st November Mr. John Buchan lectured on 'Truth and Accuracy in History', on the 23rd November Sir Malcoim Campbell explained 'The Development of the Racing Car' and on 9th December Sir John Russell spoke on 'Science and Empire Development'. These lectures were attended by audiences ranging from 400 to 800. Admission is free, and the success of the scheme has been so great that it has been decided to arrange a similar series each session. Professor Lascelles Abercrombic, the distinguished poet and critic, has consented to give the first of next session's Public Lectures on 20th October. Professor Walter F. Schrimer, Head of the Department of English in the University of Berlin, visited the College as Professor Pluto's guest in the first week of May. Professor Schrimer gave a learned address to the English Honours Class on the 2nd May, which we have the honour of printing in the present issue of Wessex.

The Company of the Le Théâire Classique Universitaire paid their annual visit to the College in the Autumn and gave a brilliant performance of Le Bourgeois Gentilomme in the College Hall to a large and highly appreciative audience on 26th October.

The new School of Navigation, housed at South Hill, has continued to make steady progress under the direction of Capt. R. I. T. McEwan. It has now received the official recognition of the Board of Trade as an approved school.

At the beginning of the summer term South Hill was re-opened in order to provide residential accommodation for Senior Nautical Students, and in September a residential cadet course designed to train officers for the Mercantile Marine will commence.

The school has been strengthened by the appointment of Mr. C. H. Milward (Lt. R.N.R.) as assistant instructor. Mr. Milward was the chief officer and navigator of

WESSEX

R.R.S. 'William Scoresby' during the 'Discovery' Expeditions to the Antarctic, 1929-31.

The Old College Buildings have been placed by Council at the disposal of the Southampton Central Unemployed Kellowship, and have been fitted up as a centre for unemployed men. Students of the College have given their services to his Worship the Mayor in connection with his Fund for the Unemployed, and a substantial contribution to this fund has been made by members of the College Staff.

The English Verse Prize presented by Professors Cock and Pinto has been awarded this year to Miss Monica Lee for her somet. 'Mitton in 1860', which we are glad to be able to print in Wesser. Miss Lee is a student at present reading for Honours in English Language and Literature. We also have pleasure in publishing an article from the pen of another undergraduate member of the College, Mr. J. V. Ruffell.

Dr. S. W. Smith, an old student of the College, now chief Assayer of the Royal Mint and President of the Institute of Mining and Metallurgy, has been created a Commander of the Order of the British Empire.

Mr. W. C. R. Hicks, a former student of the Department of Modern Languages, has been awarded the degree of Ph.D. by the University of Erlangen.

The Evening Classes Department of the College is the local centre for technical education, and continues to supply the demand of students from the Borough of Southampton and a very extensive surrounding area. It is gratifying to record an increased number of students who have enrolled in this department. During the present session over 700 students have been registered. Many of these students are preparing for various examinations in the spheres of Engineering, Commerce, Science and Arts. An interesting feature in connection with the Engineering section is the great increase in the number of students who are taking the different grades of the National Certificate in various branches of Engineering. To obtain the higher grade certificate entails continuous attendance at the College for a period of five years. Classes for owner drivers of motor cars, a new innovation during the present session, have been well attended. Each year shows an increasing number of students who take advantage of the facilities offered in Evening Study to prepare for the Matriculation Examination and Intermediate Examinations for Degrees in Science, Arts and Commerce of the University of London. The present session also shows increased numbers of students who are preparing for the qualifying examinations of the Pharmaceutical Society.

University College is proud of the development of its Evening Class work. This is one of the many ways in which it endeavours to serve the wider educational needs of the district in addition to performing the functions of formal academic training and research.

In the sphere of Athletics the College has had a very successful season, both in the achievements of its representative teams and in the large number of students who have been enabled to participate in the various athletic activities.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, SOUTHAMPTON

The amenities of the Sports field have been improved by the construction of a serviceable netball court, and a parking place for cars. The various playing pitches have also been improved, and now compare favourably with those of other University Institutions.

The Boat Club has again proved extremely popular, and many students have taken advantage of the facilities offered by the Club and by its enthusiastic President, Mr. R. Casson. The College boat maintained its unbeaten record, and performed with marked success in the Head of the River Race.

The Association Football Club has, for the first time in its history, won the Inter-Varsities Southern Group Championship.

Interest was maintained in the other branches of athletics, and the College was well able to hold its own in the numerous Inter-Varsity contests in which it took part.



MILTON IN 1660 by Monica Lee

MILTON! thou ardent friend of Liberty,
Ambitious Puritan who sought to find
Mid England's civil war and restless mind
A city state rising from antiquity,
Your hopes have failed, your work has earned no fee.
A man disillusioned, sad, embittered, blind,
You turn away from contact with all mankind
And anxiously ask, 'What will the future be'?
Courage! all is not lost. There yet remains
As recompense for loss of hope and sight
A vision of Heaven and Hell; and God ordains
The grandeur of your music and theme sublime
Shall shine for ever, a ray of purest light,
Upon the dusky avenues of Time.

THE OLDEST MAP OF SOUTHAMPTON

THIS beautiful map is drawn and coloured on a skin which is probably vellum. The 'leggs and other powles and tayles' have been removed, leaving only an indication of the neck in the south. Otherwise the map is roughly rectangular, measuring about 33½ inches by 22 inches. Its northern boundary runs approximately from the north-west corner of the Common along Burgess Street to Swaythling and Woodmill. The Itchen from Woodmill, together with its eastern shore—Bittern, Itchen and Netley Castle—is shown. The Hythe shore, curiously enough, forms the south of the map, while the west includes the Test to Millbrook Bay and a narrow strip of land to the west of Hill Lane and the village of Hill.

The map is unique and does not lend itself easily to reproduction, though there is a somewhat inaccurate sketch of it in the Southampton Atlas. No certain date can be given, though it appears to belong to the latter half of the sixteenth century, and so far, no facts concerning its making have been discovered. It is in many ways worthy of study, and much remains still to be done with regard to it. Subjects of special interest are its date, its maker, the cartographical methods employed and the geography and layout of Tudor Southampton.

The writing and spelling are quite compatible with its having been produced in the sixteenth century. The ships and small boats also furnish evidence in the same direction. Mr. W. H. Rogers in the Southampton Atlas points out that Netley Castle is shown, and since this was built after the Dissolution of the Monasteries in 1536, it seems quite certain that the map was made after that date. The map maker never missed anything which he had room to show. He had room to show Southampton Castle and did not, but left a green open space. Now Southampton Castle was in ruins and its grounds often used as a rubbish dump in the late sixteenth century.

The records of the town make no actual reference to any such map, but they do provide a striking, if indefinite and indirect, kind of evidence as to its date. The town's records of the late sixteenth century—and those of the Court Leet in particular—taken in conjunction with the map, show a remarkable agreement although there



THE OLDEST MAP OF SOUTHAMPTON



THE OLDEST MAP OF SOUTHAMPTON

is less agreement between the map and the records at either earlier or later dates. Certain instances can be given. The records make mention of the 'Farmer of Above Barr', and on the map are his farm buildings. Above Bar was a respectable suburb occupied by the butchers and probably the glovers of the town. East Street was rather disreputable. It held many bad characters, and numbers of its inhabitants 'kept tippling' (sold beer). The glovers cleaned their skins in a ditch in Houndwell near the Waterhouse, and were continually in trouble for stopping it up and making it dangerous for cattle, or for not keeping it clean. Above Bar on the map shows fairsized and quite pleasant buildings and houses, while East Street is a double row of mean hovels. The Waterhouse in Houndwell and the glovers' ditch are shown. The records, naturally, contain many references to the town's lands, particularly to the Common or ' Hethe' and to the 'Saltmarshe'. The map is largely occupied with depicting the open land within the liberties and shows very clearly both the Common and the Saltmarsh, with its embankment against the sea.

The above considerations point to the sixteenth century as the probable date, but an examination of the records and map together reveals a matter of still further interest and suggests a possible reason why the map was made. It is notable that great attention is paid to the area outside the walls and particularly to the boundaries. Now we know that boundary disputes played a large part in Southampton's history. The boundaries were first defined in 1488. and in the following century were disputed vigorously and continually. The map carefully marks and names the boundary stones and crosses, and hardly goes beyond them, except to show Itchen and Hythe. Only one boundary stone is not shown, and that is the one at Acorn or Achard's Bridge (Four Posts Hill), about which there never was any dispute, and which was probably the earliest to disappear. It would seem that the maker had his interest aroused by the boundary question and then undertook a detailed topographic map, mainly within the liberties. In fact the map shows with great completeness the area in which the citizens of Southampton were vitally interested—the boundaries and the main ways in and out by land and by water.

Close examination, from many points of view, conveys the impression that the maker undertook a large task for which he had great gifts but not much training. It is difficult, if not impossible, to

WESSEX

suggest a scale: the proportions of the map are wrong: the Southampton peninsula is shown much too wide from east to west. Yet individual areas such as the Common have good shapes. Taking this good work on individual areas along with the curious placing of Netley Castle and Hythe and the strange shape of Millbrook Bay, we can find one hypothesis to cover them all. The map maker worked piecemeal and fitted his results together, but had no means of checking the work as a whole. He was, moreover, a cartographer-artist. Part of his work was done by measurement and part, especially the coasts and buildings, by artistic methods of drawing and sketching. The writer and a friend decided to test this idea of piecemeal production by following the artist and going to his view-points. From the south of the town—the old Watergate—the Hythe shore does appear to block Southampton Water, and, even from an Isle of Wight steamer. Netley Castle seems to be 'round the corner'. Millbrook Bay was more difficult on account of the new dock works, but, by experiment and with the aid of old engravings of Southampton viewed from Four Posts Hill, it was found that if the sixteenth century map maker stood near Achard's Bridge (Four Posts Hill) the coast would probably appear as he drew it, a very deep bay well shut in by land. High Street he drew by standing on one side of it and drawing the other, turning his head first south and then north. He rowed, probably from Crosshouse to Itchen, and made a drawing of the foreshore landing place, the houses close by, the steep road leading inland and the houses smothered in trees at the top of the rise. In contrast to the cramped and crowded High Street, the view was open and spacious, yet full of pleasing detail. The artist enjoyed his task, and in consequence we have a delightful and probably quite accurate picture of a minute fragment of Tudor England. The map abounds in such fragments of great beauty. They are of interest and value: for faithful coloured landscapes of so early a date must be rare.

Whether the above suggestions as to the composition of the map are correct or not, the final product is remarkable. The flood of maps reproduced by engraving was beginning in the sixteenth century, but this coloured map was in an older tradition and was not made for reproduction. Some of its methods were soon to be superseded, notably its treatment of buildings as pictures, of individual objects in three dimensions, and its use of multiple view-points. It should be compared in these matters with a later production of 1611, a copy of which can be seen in the Southampton Atlas. But the importance

THE OLDEST MAP OF SOUTHAMPTON

of the older map lies in the fact that it places its pictures upon a setting of roads and fields and that it makes some attempt to show land utilisation, thus enabling us to realise more about the actual landscape of the time.

The roads, the fields and the vegetation are matters of great cartographical interest. The main roads, notably the two roads to Winchester, are very wide and yellowish in colour. Local roads and the road to Salisbury by Shirley and Romsey are also yellowish but narrow, as are the town streets. Gravel, then as now, was an important road material, and except for a few paved streets, the only one. Its light-coloured surface perhaps suggested the colour for the map. The main roads are shown extremely wide, and this is probably correct, the surface was bad at the best of times, and travellers and carts often turned aside to avoid the worst places. The brown earth suggested a colour for the well-trodden field paths of the Saltmarsh and Houndwell. Green was used for the tracks across the Common, the less trodden ways upon which are green to-day. We find, then, a remarkable classification of roads by surface and width.

Some attempt at depicting land utilisation can still be seen, though unfortunately there is much discolouration. Most of the land is green as though used for pasture. Some of the great fields, notably that to the east of the 'high' way to Winchester, between Padwell Cross and Myles Cross (Rockstone Lane and Highfield Road), are cut up by hedges into smaller enclosed fields. This area, too, has numbers of trees along its boundaries and in the hedges. There are areas which are very dark. The blackish colour used for these appears to signify wood. Itchen was thickly wooded. Around Bittern Manor were woods and wooded fields, as well as waste, and all the area between Portswood, Burgess Street and the Common appears to have been a great wood. Nor should the dark patch in the north of the Common to everlowched. In it can be seen, faintly, the gibbet.

Most interesting of all is the method of depicting the Common and similar waste or common land across the Itchen. They are coloured a light grey with a faint suggestion of yellow. The surface is roughly dappled with dark grey and dark green, clearly suggested by the tussocky yellowish grass of summer with clumps of holly and

This question of the roads requires further investigation on account of the discolouration which has taken place. The cause of the discolouration has been carefully investigated and attempts have been made to arrest its progress. University College is greatly indebted to Dr. Alexander Scott, FR.S., Director of the British Museum Laboratory, for his courtesy in undertaking these investigations.

gorse. The Common had few trees, but two or three beautiful giants

are shown on the Hill Lane side.

Looking at this map as a whole we see that it is of its time and kind, in its treatment of three dimensional objects, making them pictures, rather than by symbols, and allowing them to occupy too much space; that it is a map in advance of its time, in classifying roads and indicating types of land utilisation; and yet, in virtue of this strange combination, a map which offers to the artist and to the scientific investigator a wonderfully realistic picture of Tudor

Southampton and its surroundings.

The road system and the distribution of buildings and settlement shown on the map illustrate the function and stage of development of Southampton. The function was that of a cargo and embarkation port, and the stage of development that of a town which has outgrown the ability of its own land to support it with food and other necessities. The chief feature of the road system is the main road leading north from the Watergate to Winchester and its great fair. There is a subsidiary route through Rockstone Lane and Portswood. These two roads, with the possible addition of the way to Millbrook, were the chief routes for the export and import trade. They are the widest roads on the map. The other routes are east-west, in general direction, crossing or avoiding the rivers and Southampton Water; for example, East Street and the ferry from Crosshouse to Itchen, the crossing to Hythe and the western entrance and exit through Millbrook. The function of these routes was supply. Large quantities of food—wheat and butter, of fuel and materials—wood, gravel and stone, were brought from a distance. Much food came by land along all the roads leading into the town, as did wood for fuel, while large quantities of wood and gravel came from Hythe. Other roads were more local in their significance. St. Mary's Street ran from East Street north and curved west to meet the main highway near Padwell Cross and Rockstone Lane. There was a very narrow road from St. Mary's to Northam, which later joined the 'lower waye' to Winchester. Hill Lane formed the western boundary of Southampton, and on that account was important. It ran from Achard's Bridge through the village of Hill, and ended, then as now, at its junction with Burgess Street.

The distribution of settlement, like the roads, reflects the economic situation. Commercial Southampton crowded along the main highway, as near as possible to its chief landing-place, the Watergate. This

THE OLDEST MAP OF SOUTHAMPTON

is the usual plan for ports with only one or a restricted landing area. The map shows the jumble of buildings, often of more than one storey. which crowded the lower wards of the town, where merchants all desired frontages for their homes and warehouses. It is noticeable that behind the front street there was much land not built upon. The map maker's cartographical abilities were not equal to the task. He could do no more than give a general impression of the crowding and jostling, but, as he was an artist, that general impression shows the essential truth. Individual buildings are not recognisable, with the possible exception of Holyrood Church, opposite which the artist stood to draw the east side of High Street. Later cartographers have solved this difficulty by adopting the ground plan of a building as the symbol for it, and, by drawing to scale, have succeeded in showing great detail. This artist-cartographer made a generalised picture, containing examples of various types of building, stand for the whole. This solution of one problem raised another. The side streets and back streets of the town were all invisible from his viewpoints. The cartographer in him insisted that at least some must go in, and finally room was found, at, we do not know what sacrifice. for East Street, for the way through the West Gate and for Broad Lane. The only signs of French Street are the roofs of houses behind those in High Street. The important fact to notice is that the streets which were inserted were those most closely related to the function of the town. Something has already been said about other settlements. The houses at Itchen and Hythe stood clustered about the landingplace, and contrasted in character and placing with the agricultural groupings at Hill, Northam and South Stoneham. Above Bar contrasted with East Street and both with the detached and countrified suburb of Portswood, where cottages were surrounded by wooden palings. Settlement diversities were thus as clearly and accurately recorded as were those of the roads and the land.

The Southampton depicted on this map was at the end of a well-defined period of development and growth. The development had been threefold—agricultural, military, commercial. In the sixteenth century most of the land around the town, except great pastures such as the Common and the Saltmarsh, was in the hands of farmers—the farmer of the Chantrey, of St. Denys and of Above Bar. The Castle was in ruins and the walls had no military significance. Commercial prosperity was at an end, and would not be thoroughly revived until the nineteenth century. The map was made at a critical time in the

WESSEX

town's history. Southampton was still alive, but it needed a new impulse, lest it should become a fossil town such as Aigues Mortes. Had it become a fossil, the map would have had a curiosity value as a detailed record of a once living organism. But, after a period of quiet and an attempt whose effects are now almost obliterated, to become a pleasure town. Southampton revived. Its agricultural and military functions are dead: the remnants of its common fields are found in the Parks and the Common: its walls are ancient monuments. It is still an embarkation and cargo port. It is profitable and useful to compare the old with the new. The road system is not changed, only elaborated. The main import and export route, either by road or rail, is north through Winchester. The Millbrook Road is the chief western exit from the town: supplies still pour in along an increased number of east-west routes, and Southampton still crowds for business purposes along its great road leading inland from its restricted landing area. It has filled in its empty spaces with buildings and streets and developed new suburbs further out, yet its general plan of road and settlement is the same as in the sixteenth century. But the new dock works in progress will enlarge the landing area, and may alter the relative importance of embarkation and cargo. The road and settlement plan may develop and change to meet new conditions; and perhaps the twentieth century map of Southampton will join that of the sixteenth century as an interesting record of a past geography.

The study of this old map is not finished. More should be learnt about the ships which crowded Southampton Water; more also about the colouring, some of which has perished; more about the lettering and writing, for there is some evidence of more than one hand at work. The study of these subjects would probably add to the value of this document which contains, in a very small space, a beautiful and detailed record of the landscape. The importance of this record lies in the genius, by which the ancient cartographer selected his material in such a way as to preserve an excellent picture of the

human geography of sixteenth century Southampton.

F. C. MILLER.

THE SOUTHAMPTON CIVIC CENTRE

HAVE been asked to write a criticism upon the Buildings which form the New Civic Centre, but as criticism is usually destructive and as every man to-day has become a critic of this structure, I do not wish to join their ranks, but would rather reflect upon Modern Architecture generally, and by the light of that lamp seek to

learn something from this building.

Few critics of the Civic Centre appear to realize that they are expressing views on a block of buildings which does not yet exist and that it were as useful to pass judgment on the poise of a statue from two embryonic limbs as to visualize the entire grouping of this building from two detached and uncompleted wings. Fortunately a model has been made which shows that the success of the buildings lies largely in the grouping, and it may be profitable to consider that factor briefly.

The dominating feature will be the Town Hall which forms the central block: it will be a more lofty building rising above the others

in the centre of the group.

The surrounding buildings (of which two have been erected) are subservient to the central block, and their long low lines have been designed to serve as a foil to the dominating feature. This fact must be borne in mind when viewing these buildings to-day, as their true

proportion must be judged in relation to the entire group.

The Tower has been placed on the axial line of the main central block, and at present, divorced from the main feature to which it belongs, it appears solitary and incomplete. In order, then, to form a true conception of the completed group, one must visualize the present buildings grouped around a massive central block, whose axial line running east and west will find a striking terminal feature in the Western Tower.

The plan of the entire block is remarkable for its balanced grouping. The Municipal Buildings and Art Gallery, which face respectively south and north, are identical in the outline of their block plans, and as a result when viewed from either of the cardinal points will present a balanced façade dominated by the central block.

The purpose of this article, however, is to consider in this building the influence of the revolution of architectural thought which has developed during the early years of the present century, and some remarks as to that upheaval must find a place.

The majority of the buildings belonging to the post-war period are characterised by a simplicity which is sometimes austere and frugal, and their main surfaces are often lacking in the play of light and shadow which previously was sought; the teaching of tradition has been abandoned and new forms, sometimes strange and grotesque, have been adopted. We suffered a few years ago, in company with Europe generally, a series of architectural shocks. Each building as it arose seemed to vie with the last in some startling departure from the prosaic fashion to which we had become accustomed. These changes were frankly revolutionary, and their purpose must be grasped if one would follow the evolution of architectural thought to-day, for they were by no means due to accident nor to mere rebellion against outworn tradition. Their origin lay in facts which to-day are making a new page in architectural history.

Two modes of architecture have prevailed during historic times the first, developed during Egyptian and Grecian days, was based on the principle of the simple beam and post; the second, based on arching and vaulting, was introduced by the Romans and developed in various forms throughout mediæval times and prevails to the

present day.

During the present century, however, the development of scientific knowledge and growth of Industrialism, have introduced new materials and methods of construction hitherto undreamed of; the use of steel in building, and particularly its use in combination with concrete, can solve problems insoluble to previous generations and rear structures impossible under conditions handed down to us by tradition.

The new constructive methods are foreign to the old and call for different treatment. Great loads are carried over wide spans with light beams, which under old methods would have appeared a feat conceived in ignorance, and cantilevers may project in a manner hitherto deemed impossible. These methods of construction, which in themselves are sound and good, need not of necessity constitute good architecture, for the latter has a two-fold purpose.

Its foundation rests on good construction, but its claim to art depends upon its power to express to the beholder meaning purpose in the design. The façade of a building is like a human face, which

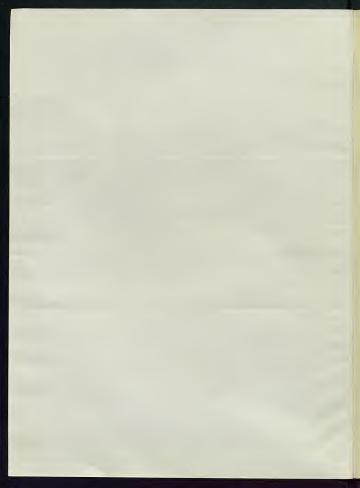


The two photographs of the Southampton Civic Centre, facing page 16, are reproduced by kind permission of Building, for which the EDITOR of Wessex wishes to make grateful acknowledgment.

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THE SOUTHAMPTON CIVIC CENTRE South Façade.

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THE SOUTHAMPTON CIVIC CENTRE

may express mere bovine vacancy, or be lighted by the virile intelligence of the mind which rules it.

Traditional architecture has throughout the ages of its growth built a vocabulary which by subtle suggestion conveys to the cultured mind the purpose of its various parts and by its proportion and grouping weaves a theme which makes a whole.

The same terms, however, will not express the sweeping changes in new structural forms, and it is under these conditions that a new school of thought sprang up, and the more daring souls, casting tradition to the winds, electrified the world with their bold adventures.

The problem that confronts the architect to-day is the moulding of a language, the formulation of a grammar under which the new methods may become as expressive as the old.

We live, then, in a time when the erection of every Public Building is of unusual interest, when we look for some further step towards that ideal which all the world is seeking, when it forms a field of controversy on which no two persons can agree.

Few people will dispute that the planning and grouping of Mr. Berry Webber's building is the work of a master mind, and those who follow its development with understanding vision feel little doubt that it will rank as a great building of its time; but the eternal question which pervades one's mind is to what extent it may be recognized by future generations as the final word in the architecture of our day.

The history of earlier architectural styles points to the fact that the adoption of new systems of construction have needed time to gain their zenith of æsthetic expression—the Greek, the Gothicist, the exponent of Renaissance, each in his turn learned this lesson, and it is believed that that is true to-day, and that experience and technique are developing and will find much higher expression in buildings which have yet to be conceived.

INGALTON SANDERS.

AMNIS IBAT

A paraphrase of a Fourth Century Latin Poem attributed to Tiberianus

by E. H. BLAKENEY

THROUGH pastoral scenes, down a cool valley, flowed The river, smiling, all its pebbly bed Flushed with the morn, its borders gay with flowers. Far up, the laurel dark and myrtle boughs Swayed lightly to the soughing of the wind. Beneath, the level lawns lay thick with spears Of herbage; fields with crocus blooms were lit And shining lilies, while each shadowy grove Seemed rich with odorous breath of violets. Among such gifts of Spring, such golden charms, The rose, beloved of Cypris, queen of scents And star of colours, flamed in jewelled pomp. Grave trees enisled in greenery stood there Dew-sprent: with frequent founts, this side and that. Murmured the stream, whose waters, glittering, moved In many a current; moss and ivy leaves Mantled each cave and grot with verdure. Here In shaded paths melodious birds, with song Lovelier than heart could fancy, filled the heaven; The soft voice of the river (eloquent As they) made music through the leafy ways Now stirred by flutings of the western wind. Thus did the traveller, through fair pastures sweet With vernal song and fragrance, find a joy In bird and stream, in air, grove, flower, and shade.



STREETS AND ROADS OF SOUTHAMPTON:

I. MAIN ROAD OF THE TOWN

IN studying the streets, and roads, and lanes of Southampton, it will be a good plan to observe the district in which they are, the direction they take, and the kind of buildings in them. The reason of their names must also be found out, if possible.

The oldest streets are naturally found within the ancient walled town, which is situated at the south-west corner of the tongue of land between the River Test and the River Itchen. These rivers meet at the south of the town; and the main road of Southampton, High Street, Above Bar and London Road, up through the Common to Bassett, is probably the oldest track of this old borough. This was a natural way for people to travel to the port. Formerly the old walls of the town on the west and south stood on the shore, and were washed by the tide. The present shore roads are modern. High Street was for centuries called English Street. It is slightly winding in its course, and reaches from the site of the old Water Gate at the south to the Bar Gate at the north of the walled town. The Town Quay was formerly called Water Gate Quay. This street is still handsome, although the style of the buildings has greatly changed during the last few years. Nearly all the old gabled buildings have gone.

II. THE OLD WALLED TOWN

While walking leisurely up this street, one should observe the side streets and lanes. First, on the left, is Porters' Lane, which formerly ran behind the walls to the end of Bugle Street. The name reminds us of the ancient Guild or Company of Porters who used to ply with their barrows between the West Quay and the old Itchen Ferry at Cross House. Their way was through Winkle Street—the corner street of the town (OE wincel, a corner)—God's House Gate, and along the pleasant Beach Road. The porters, when not at work, assembled in Porters' Mead (now called Queen's Park). The Beach Road was lined with trees, of which a few are remaining near the old Platform. A part of this road is named Canute Road, in memory of

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that Danish king. It was at Canute's Point on this shore that, according to tradition, Canute rebuked his flattering courtiers.

Proceeding up the High Street, we should notice Gloucester Quare on the right (once the site of a large college of Grey Friars). On the left are Broad Lane, Brewhouse Lane, Market Lane, St. Michael's Street, and West Street, all leading westward into the old French quarter of the town. West Street is the Butcher Row of ancient times, and leads round into Simnel Street (the street of bakers)

and Pepper Alley (the street of pepperers or grocers).

French Street, parallel to English Street, was the heart of the French Colony. It contains the Church Yard of St. John, the old Trone or Weigh House for the port, and the house which claims to be the birthplace of Doctor Isaac Watts. Another important street is Bugle or Bull Street, in which stood, on the western side, the mansion called Bugle Hall, built by Sir Thomas Wriothesley, first Earl of Southampton. This nobleman was the Chancellor to Henry VIII. North of the site of Bugle Hall, West Gate Street passes through the West Gate to West Quay, which is much older than the Town Quay, and which was a busy centre of medieval commerce.

Returning again up Bugle Street, we enter St. Michael's Square, and take special notice of the ancient Church dedicated to St. Michael, the patron saint of Normandy. Thus we are reminded of the Norman kings of England. On the opposite side of the Square is the fine old Tudor House, with its quaint gables and timber work. Adjoining this is Blue Anchor Lane, which led down to the shore

through a postern gate.

North of Simnel Street is the district where formerly stood the Castle, or Old Castle, built on and around a great Saxon mound called Old Castle Hill. Castle Lane, leading from High Street, Castle Square, and Castle Gardens, remind us of this ancient fortification; and Lansdowne Place is in memory of the Marquis of Lansdowne, who bought the Castle in 1805. The County Court building was erected in the Gardens, near the Old Castle Gate, in 1851. The top of Old Castle Hill is now occupied by a building which was formerly Zion Chapel. Albion Place leads from High Street to Forty Steps, built about 1840, by which we can descend to the Western Shore Road, and walk to Blechynden and Millbrook Shore. A part of this beach on the west of the town was called Tin Shore. The tin trade greatly flourished at Southampton, and was chiefly carried on at West Ouay.

STREETS AND ROADS OF SOUTHAMPTON

On the eastern side of the High Street there are two very old and important streets leading eastwards to busy suburbs. These are Bridge Street (so named because it led to a bridge over the Ditches), and East Street, which led from All Saints' Church to the East Gate of the town. The former is continued by Bernard Street (named after the contractors), and Bridge Road, over the South-Western Railway, across the Marsh Lands to the Floating Bridge at Itchen Ferry. The latter extends into Lower East Street, which, years ago, was called Bag Row. This name reminds us of the corn and brewing trades carried on at one time in these parts. Branching from Lower East Street is Marsh Lane, which leads away across the Marsh. Close at hand is Three Field Lane, which tells of the ancient Common Fields, and the old system of cultivation. In an old map, dated 1771, this lane is named Nightlingale Lane.

III. ALONG THE EASTERN SIDE

A street leading from Winkle Street to East Street, inside the eastern wall of the town, has the name of Back of the Walls. It was formerly called Behind the Walls. The outside or front of the Wall was defended by deep ditches filled by the tide. The narrow paved lane covering these old ditches goes by the name of The Ditches. It is also called Canal Walk, for here was commenced a canal which was to proceed to Salisbury. In this district outside the Walls, and stretching from East Street to the Beach, there were large gardens with orchards. In time people built dwellings in these parts, and the suburb was known as Neweton (Newtown). The long street through it was called Orchard Lane, or Neweton Lane or Street. At the southern end is God's House Green, or Bowling Green, in which the game of bowls has been played for centuries.

The Town Ditch extended along the eastern and northern sides of the Town, and so connected the Beach at the Platform with the Western Shore. On the northern side of the Bar Gate a drawbridge spanned the Ditch. The narrow street, now called Bargate Street, was known as Orchard Street when it was formed. In time, the Ditches having been filled in, one patch of water at the north east remained, and this was known as the Town Pond. The road along its bank was called the Strand, and this name is given to the street in the same place. It was also called Paradise Row, and was once shaded by trees.

Vork Buildings and Hanover Buildings took their present form in the middle of the eighteenth century. Vork Gate was then made through the Town Wall. Thus the old street, Broker Lane, became continued from East Street to the Parks. The early Georgian houses of Hanover Buildings should be observed. This street leads into Above Bar Street. Here we have a full view of the beautiful north front of the Bar Gate. This should be inspected both inside and outside. Over the arches is the Guild Hall, which was formed between the ancient towers in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The lions guarding the Gate formerly stood on pedestals outside the Ditch, which was crossed for a long period by a stone bridge.

IV. FROM BARGATE TO REDBRIDGE

Leaving this grand old gate, and wending our way northwards alone called Spa Road. This reminds us of the 'Cherry Gardens or Spa', for which Southampton was famous in the early days of Queen Victoria, and before. The spring of iron-water is in the old Promende and Archery Grounds between the Victoria Rooms and the shore. Further along Above Bar is Portland Street, very near which is the narrow Regent Street, one of the oldest tracks of the district.

Opposite Regent Street is another ancient street, Pound Tree Lane, now named Pound Tree Road. A pound or enclosure (an old English institution) for impounding stray cattle, stood in this lane under an elm tree called the Pound Tree. Near this Pound was a public well surrounded by trees, some of which are still standing. It was called the Hound-well, and gave a second name to the lane-Houndwell Lane. A portion of the Parks is still known as Houndwell. This old track led from St. Mary's parish through what is now called Regent Street (formerly called Windmill or Canshut Lane) to the beach along the Western bay of the present town, across the old Rolles brook at a ford called Sidford, to Four Posts, and thence up Four Posts Hill, into a road to Salisbury. Sidford is in the district of Blechynden. Rolles brook means Rollo's brook, and reminds us of the coming of the Danes. Blechynden is also a Scandinavian name. One road to Salisbury goes through Shirley. It is called Shirley Road. From the top of Four Posts Hill another road branches off through Millbrook, and goes to Redbridge, where there was an ancient ford across the River Test in Saxon times. The place was called Reedford (the ford of reeds). The villages of Shirley,

STREETS AND ROADS OF SOUTHAMPTON

Millbrook and Redbridge are very old places, and are mentioned in the Domesday Book of William the Conqueror. Branching off from near the foot of Four Posts Hill to the north is Hill Lane, which obtained its name from the ancient village of Hill through which it led. This lane or track existed in Saxon times, and is mentioned in a Charter of King Edwy, dated 956, as going by the hedge that belongs to Hampton

V. From Burgess Street Southwards

Hill Lane extends northwards along the western boundary of the Southampton Common, and at last joins the ancient road known by the name of Burgess or Burgers' Street, which was the northern boundary of the old borough of Southampton. This street has been a road since the Roman occupation of Britain, and it is interesting to notice the Roman name joined to the English one. In this road well-known stones used to mark the boundaries, viz., the Hode or Woody Cross Stone and Rosemary Stone, both near the Chilworth Gate at the north-west corner of the Common; and the Burle Stone towards the Swaythling end of the road. Near the Upper Common Cate is the famous spot called Cutthorn. At this spot in very early times the burgesses of Southampton held their important meetings.

From this historic spot a walk southward through the Common Heath will bring us to the Stag Gates. This was formerly called Padwell Gate, and leads on to Bevois Mount, which was also known as Padwell Hill. Asylum Green, at the bottom of the Avenue, had the name of Padwell Cross. We are reminded of these old place names by Padwell Road. Bevois Mount was a high mound overlooking the valley of the Itchen. The mound is gone, but the name remains to remind us of the legend of Sir Bevis of Hampton and his henchman Ascupart. Their names are also given to Bevois Street and Ascupart Street in St. Mary's parish. Close by the hill is Bevois Valley.

Nearly two hundred years ago the beautiful estate of Bevois Mount was the property of Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough. This distinguished general is best remembered for his actions in the war of the Spanish Succession, especially for compelling the French to raise the siege of Barcelona in 1706. When residing at Bevois Mount House, which is in Lodge Road, he was fond of showing his

^{&#}x27;It is a pity that the name Burgess Street has now been changed to Burgess Road. The word 'street' in the old name represented the Old English 'straet' and the Latin strate via. It showed that this thoroughtare was of Roman origin. (Editor of Wessex.)

visitors, who included Voltaire, Pope and other noted men, around the estate, but only when the tide was up. We are still reminded of this famous nobleman by the names of Mordaunt Road, Earl's Road,

and Peterborough Road.

On the western side of the Avenue, opposite Bevois Mount, is Banister Road, leading to Banister's Court, which was mentioned in the town books as early as 1474. Further down is Archers' Road, which is named after Archers' Lodge. On this spot some years ago, when archery was a fashionable sport, archers used to meet to practise it.

VI. ABOVE BAR STREET NORTHWARDS

Returning again to Pound Tree Road and Regent Street, and continuing along Above Bar Street northwards, we notice the names of Sussex Place, Anglesea Place, Noira Place, Brunswick Place, Cumberland Place, and Grosvenor Square, all named after famous men of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Marland Place gets its name from the Magdelene's Common Fields or Maudlands or Marlands, which are near at hand. These common lands are now the East Park, the West Park, and the West Marlands. Palmerston Park was formerly the Fair Field. St. Mark's, or Above Bar Fair, was held there many years ago. Later it was held in West Marlands, and abolished in 1875. Westward from Prospect Place the Marlands are cut through by Commercial Road, which leads to Four Posts Hill. This road was formed about 1780, superseding the ancient road along the beach which joined Windmill Lane.

Proceeding up the London Road past the Public Library, St. Paul's Church and the Church of the Saviour, we reach Bellevue Road, so named from a delightful mansion which a few years ago stood in this part of the town, facing the Avenue. Round this the road winds

to Cranbury Place and Newtown.

Opposite Belle-vue is Carlton Crescent, containing handsome houses, and leading to Bedford Place. At the entrance of the Avenue is the Government Survey Office. These buildings were formerly a Military Asylum for Orphans. On the opposite side of the Avenue is Asylum Green, the site of an ancient pool having the names of 'Padwell' and 'Cross Pond.'

VII. FROM ASYLUM GREEN NORTH-EASTWARDS

The position of the Cross Pond is important in connection with the main tracks leading to and from Southampton. From it four

STREETS AND ROADS OF SOUTHAMPTON

principal roads radiate. The old or lower road to Winchester leads first down Rockstone Lane into Bevois Valley. This lane is one of the oldest tracks in the district. It was once a real country lane with high romantic banks along its sides. These were cut away for the building of houses. Formerly the name was Rockesdone Lane. The old road continues through Bevois Valley, up Bevois Hill, and through Portswood, with the district of St. Denys on the right, and High Field (or Vane Coppice) on the left. Here two old roads must be noticed. From Portswood Green, close to the tram stables, Highfield Lane winds its way up to the Common; and, in the opposite direction, St. Denvs Road will take us through St. Denys to the site of St. Denys Priory on the right bank of the Itchen, where Cobden Bridge spans the river. This Priory, dedicated to St. Denys or St. Dionysius, was founded by Henry I about 1124, four years after the death of his only son William in the wreck of the White Ship. The king founded it in remembrance of this prince. Two ancient stone coffins from this priory may now be seen at St. Denys Church.

From Bevois Valley an old road, beginning with Mount Pleasant Road, led to the village of Northam and to Hagestone, one of the borough boundary stones, at Mill Stone Point. The 'Old Farm House', with the date '1611 E.R.', now an ale house, is a reminder of the ancient manor of Northam, which was granted to the monks of St. Denys in 1151. Branching off southwards from 'The Old Farm House' a track led to St. Mary's Field. From Hagestone, or Blackworth, a pleasant beach road skirted the river along Belvidere Road to Crabniton, and thence along Marine Parade to the district of Chapel.

This has become a populous and busy thoroughfare.

VIII. FROM ASYLUM GREEN TO THE DOCKS

Another important road, leading from Asylum Green, is now known as Belle-vue Terrace, St. Mary's Road, and St. Mary's Street. It is the chief thoroughfare of St. Mary's Road, and St. Mary's Street. It is the chief thoroughfare of St. Mary's Road, was called Love Lane. It was a delightful country lane. Belle-vue Road connects it with London Road, and in the opposite direction Onslow Road joins it to Bevois Valley through Newtown. Proceeding down St. Mary's Road, we pass on the right the narrow streets of Charlotte Place (named after the ill-fated Princess Charlotte), and on the left, the new district of Queen's Land. At the bottom of St. Mary's Road is the wide space called Six Dials. Six roads branch from this spot,

and formerly a toll gate stood here. New Road extends to Above Bar Street, Northam Road leads to Northam Bridge over the Itchen, St. Andrew's Road leads to St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church. The remaining streets making up the six are St. Mark's Road and St. Mary's Street.

The block of narrow streets situated between St. Mary's Street, North Front, West Front, and South Front (the latter two facing the Parks) is known as Kingsland, and was, perhaps, the King's Land

given to the Canons of St. Denys by Richard the First.

Still going southward past Clifford Street, Ascupart Street, Bevois Street, and Coleman Street, on the left, and a few narrow streets on the right, we reach the Poor House, and St. Mary's Litten, or Churchyard. In it is St. Mary's Church, which was founded probably in the 13th century. The residence of the rector of St. Mary's, now called the 'Deanery', was known in early times as the 'Chantry', and the lands around, belonging to the Chantry, were called the Chantry Lands. Church lands are also called the Glebe. Not far from the Deanery there are Chantry Road and Glebe Road.

Opposite the Deanery Grounds are Cook Street and Evans Street, leading to St. George's Place and the Hoglands. Cook Street is probably named in remembrance of the famous Captain Cook, Evans Street was first called Duke of York Street, after the Duke of

York, a son of King George III.

Passing through St. Mary's Litten, or burial ground, we enter a very old district of Southampton called Chapel. Chapel Road leads eastward across the railway to Marine Parade and American Wharf on the River Itchen. Here, close to the river, were the two chapels of St. Andrew and Holy Trinity. The chapel of Holy Trinity was also called the chapel of Saint Mary de Graces, and the chapel of our Lady of Grace; and the Chapel Road was a causeway built across the low marsh lands, and was known as the 'causey of our Lady of Grace'. From this chapel another causeway extended between the Mill Ponds to Itchen Cross or Cross House. This was in the direction of Wharf Road. The Mill was close to the chapel of Holy Trinity. A century ago Chapel Road was called Chapel Lane. On the south side of it was a small common field or croft having the name of St. Andrew's Croft. We are reminded of cultivated fields called crofts by a narrow street joining Beyois Street with Crabniton, and named Long Croft Street.

STREETS AND ROADS OF SOUTHAMPTON

The annual fair called Chapel Fair or Trinity Fair was for a long time held on the grounds adjoining the 'Chapel of the Holy Trinity and the blessed Mary'. The Fair began on the Feast of the Holy Trinity and continued for the three days following. The charter allowing the Fair to be held was granted to the Mayor, Aldermen, Sheriff, Bailiffs, Burgesses, and Community of the Town of Southampton, and also to the hermit of the Chapel, in 1496, although the Fair had been held long before.

In the middle of the eighteenth century there was a considerable tract of land adjoining St. Mary's Churchyard and Chapel Road, of an oblong shape, called Golden Grove, and containing an important residence, Golden Grove House. There is the lane now called Golden Grove and close by there is Grove Street to remind us of the pleasant

wood which was here many years ago.

IX. OTHER STREETS

There are a number of Southampton streets which have come into existence in recent times, whose names remind us of important places. persons and events. The building of the Docks and the growth of commerce caused many streets of houses to be erected, and among them Dock Street. The ships of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company for years sailed from Southampton; and the places they traded to are brought to our notice in the names of some streets, such as Oriental Place, Oriental Terrace, Lisbon Road, China Place, Canton Street, and Hong Kong Terrace. Of the great war against the Emperor Napoleon we are reminded by Waterloo Road. Wellington Street, Anglesea Place, Anglesea Terrace, and Paget Street. William Henry Paget, first Marquis of Anglesea, was a distinguished soldier who served both under Sir John Moore and the Duke of Wellington. Gordon Avenue is named after General Gordon, the hero of Khartoum, whose home was in Rockstone Place in Southampton. Admiral Lord Nelson is commemorated in the names of Nelson Street and Trafalgar Road. Some streets have been named after eminent statesmen: Portland Place, after the Duke of Portland, prime minister; Melbourne Street, after William Lamb, Viscount Melbourne, the first prime minister of Queen Victoria; Peel Street, after Sir Robert Peel; Aberdeen Road, after Lord Aberdeen, prime minister at the time of the Crimean War, which is recalled to us by the name of Alma Road; Gladstone Terrace, after Mr. W. E. Gladstone, prime minister; Palmerston Road, after Lord Palmerston;

WESSEX

and Forster Road, after Mr. W. E. Forster, famous for the Education Act of 1870. Kent Road reminds us of the Duke and Duchess of Kent; and Adelaide Road of Queen Adelaide, the consort of William IV. Queen Victoria is remembered by Queen's Street, Victoria Road in Kingsland Place, Victoria Terrace in Compton Walk, and by Empress Road.

The study of streets, lanes, and places, and of their names, will teach us a great deal of history in a very useful and interesting manner. These places and names are memorials; and, with thoughtful observation and inquiry, we are able to obtain from them much knowledge of our ancestors at different periods in the history of our town,

and also of our country.

GEORGE F. DARLING.



THE LEAF by R. J. D. BELGRAVE

LEAF came into our carriage. Blown in through the window Of the untiring train; A brown and crumpled leaf, Summer's withered relic; And you caught it, And smiled— Your special smile— And put it down beside you. And later I watched you hold it, And shape your other hand to it. Giving it life again, Interpreting its meaning With curved fingers: And I was dazed and aching At the beauty of it, At the age-old perfection Of natural things, Whispered to me by your fingers— I wish I could have kept that leaf.

THE WAY OF IMPERFECTION

 $[{\rm A\ Discourse\ delivered\ at\ South\ Stoneham\ House\ before\ members\ of\ University} \\ {\rm College,\ Southampton.}]$

'Our transgressions are with us, and, as for our iniquities, we know them'.—
Isaiah LIX, 12.

God said, 'I am the End
And the Beginning'.
'Ah God', I said, 'the middle way

Where I stand sinning'.

—ETHEL CLIFFORD.

PROPOSE to consider this experience of facing one's own iniquities.

I suppose the first need is to accept their existence. Every religion has tried to express this fundamental paradox, of acceptance going along with opposition. We must no more complain of an infirmity of soul than of an infirmity of body; we have to be resolved to deal with a weakness and yet content to have to deal with it; we must shake hands before we fight. In this service, we are to be content to endure and to defend a weak place, whether the conflict falls outside us or within.

The paradox holds even if we are fighting with a demon; we must shake hands before we fight. But a demon is rather too abstract a picture for our usual troubles. Let us say that our more human and reasonable self is wrestling with something lower and less reasonable; some importunate silly creature which yet has its own goodness. When we picture an animal within us we need not do so with hatred or contempt.

Move upward, working out the beast, And let the ape and tiger die,

wrote Tennyson; but it would be a pity if they did; if ingenious vivacity and brute strength were drained out of human nature. George Meredith put it better:

Not forfeiting the beast with which they are crossed, To stature of the Gods will they attain.

Even in those rare tragedies where temptation is a life-and-death struggle—where man and tiger have each other by the throat—even there the higher should not wish to kill the lower. And most of us at most times, after all, are not struggling with anything so tropical

WESSEX

as apes and tigers, but rather with our brother the ass, and with even more domesticated creatures. Do we not know, in ourselves and in others, various household dogs?—the dutiful dog who fusses and strains and feels himself indispensable; the high-minded dog who bristles at the suggestion of a slight; the handsome dog who knows all about his good looks. Or the cat who enjoys an armchair and a fire as she should, and often wants to keep them when she shouldn't. Or the canary that looks out of our innermost soul where we should like to picture an eagle. They are all good enough creatures at their best, and they are far more manageable when we address ourselves to their management with good will and good temper. These creatures in us, and the higher persons in us, have all to learn better behaviour if possible without dying.

We know them in ourselves and in others, but we are apt, in the difficulties of our own self-management, to forget the difficulties of our neighbours and friends. Often we are merely angry with them when their dog provokes our dog; yet they, like ourselves, may find their importunate possessions very difficult to manage and to live with. Our neighbours are centres of life as ardent and as complex as our own. The whole situation gains perspective and solidity if we call up imagination enough to realise this. And then the harder the problems that we have had to face in our own nature, provided we have tried with any honesty (with however little success) to deal with them, the better we should be able to understand other people now, and to remember that they also may be trying as we tried, with about

as much honesty and about as little success.

Thus realising ourselves and others, then, we enter day by day on our charge of work and prayer. Whether we choose to use the name of prayer or not, we shall find ourselves joining in that practical prayer which is intercession. For intercession, a wise writer has said, is not asking but offering. It is putting ourselves at the disposal of that spirit in the situation which is working towards making the best of it. We offer ourselves to be conveyors of help. We put the sign of the cross upon our demon, and, as in a mediaval story, he changes into a dog. And, in the opposite way to the stories, we may find that the dog is the real shape and the demon was only a nightmare.

Another wise teacher has written about prayer that it does not change God's purposes, but releases them. Now what part of God's purpose would be specially affected by my prayer? Surely that part which is contained and embodied in me. So I need not appeal as to

THE WAY OF IMPERFECTION

something merely outside me to help and transform, or to bless the task and the day. I can say, In God's name I bless them. We are priests, releasing from within ourselves the purpose of God.

And yet this is only half the truth, for the help and the blessing must come from all quarters at once. The attitude of true intercession, for our friends or for our tangled selves, releases power from within us, or lets power flow through from beneath us, but it also gathers power from all round us. When we have been wrestling miserably with an ill-tempered mood, have we not often been thankful for help from innocent things which knew nothing about it?—from the real domestic animals, from the weather, the fire in the grate, the very chairs and tables. Then there is all the help we have from friends living and dead, and from the built-up world of art and science, books and work and play; and not only from the highest part of all these. Have we never been thankful for a detective story? We need all the help we can receive, from every source of grace.

What may we hope for as time goes on? Nearly always, for progress. People who are honestly trying, do improve, and the situation improves. Much of the change takes place out of sight, 'as if a man should sow seed in a field'; and it is not really useful to sit up at night to try to see it growing. We must take the essential steps, and then trust the divinity which penetrates all, in the earth and the sower and the seed and the rain from heaven. Visible results come by and by. The difficulties may not be annihilated, but

they are shifted to a higher level.

They are seldom annihilated, and we may gain more peace when we learn to accept that fact. It scarcely ever happens in this world that a problem is perfectly solved or an arrangement works perfectly smoothly. On the higher level as on the lower, we must rub along. Further, even with the steadiest progress in the main, there will be not only difficulties, but failures; and of these failures, with all their

consequences, we have to make the best.

Perhaps it may help us to make the best of them if we reflect on the help they give against vanity or complacency. We have to go into our undertakings, and we are forced to come out of them, without the smallest unnecessary weight to carry—certainly without carrying care for our own credit. To be up against something too strong for us disperses our complacency both by direct shattering and also because we dare not allow ourselves such thoughts, knowing by experience that they block that access to God which we so imminently

WESSEX

need, since on a soul filmed and slippery with complacency God Himself cannot take hold. To be up against things is cleansing to the soul; and the daily friction of life, with its demands on bearing and forbearing, and enduring and amending failures, will guarantee us against sham loyalties whether to man or to God. There will always be friction enough.

The troubles of our proud and angry dust Are from eternity, and shall not fail.

And one more fact must be faced. It does happen now and then that there is no progress. Now and then, perhaps through some tragic influence of body on mind, a weakness though honestly grappled with becomes worse instead of better. We have not to set our mind absolutely on any temporal attainment—not even on a moral victory. It may happen to us in some warfare that we never get the better of the devil at all, except only in the sense that we have here and now completely the better of him in being on God's side. The bitter bread becomes a sacrament. We have no certain assurance of ever reaching a further point on the way, but we have assurance that the way is God.

HELEN WODEHOUSE.



GEORGE HERBERT AFTER THREE HUNDRED YEARS

TEORGE HERBERT, rector of Bemerton, near Salisbury, and T one of the greatest of English religious poets, was buried on 3rd March, 1632 (old style), near the altar in the village church at Bemerton, the 'pittiful little chappel of ease', as Aubrey calls it, by the rectory. The tercentenary of his death has been celebrated by a memorial service held in February, 1933, and in Tune there is to be a pageant when the poet laureate will visit Bemerton and deliver an address. There is no inscription on Herbert's grave, but a small modern tablet, inscribed G. H. 1632, has been placed in the wall of

the chancel above it.

The rectory was built by Herbert, and except for the addition of a new wing, it is still very much as it was in the seventeenth century. The beautiful garden which the poet laid out has been preserved with loving care. It slopes down from the house to the crystal clear waters of the river Nadder, along which runs the path that is said to have been Herbert's favourite walk. This path commands one of the most lovely and unspoiled views in Wessex across the green water meadows to the great spire of Salisbury Cathedral. It is a view that is associated with the name of a great English painter as well as with that of a great English poet, for it is the subject of one of John Constable's noblest landscapes, the 'Salisbury Cathedral', in the National Gallery.

George Herbert was born in 1593 in the Castle of Montgomery. He was the son of Richard Herbert, a member of the famous and noble family of the Earls of Pembroke. His mother, Magdalen Herbert, was a woman who was renowned for learning and piety. She was an intimate friend of John Donne, the great poet and preacher, and it was to her that Donne addressed his ninth Elegie called The

Autumnall, beginning with the following memorable couplet: No Spring, nor Summer Beauty hath such grace.

As I have seen in one Autumnall face.

The poet was the fifth of seven brothers, the eldest of whom was Edward Herbert, who became Lord Herbert of Cherbury, a poet of distinction, an eminent philosopher, and author of one of the most interesting autobiographies in the English language. George Herbert was educated at Westminster School and Trinity College, Cambridge. where he was elected to a King's Scholarship at the age of fifteen in 1608, the year of Milton's birth. His academic career was brilliant. He graduated as B.A. in 1609 and proceeded to the Master's degree in 1615, when he was elected to a Fellowship of his College.

At Cambridge Herbert seems to have been somewhat of an

academic dandy:

'If during that time', writes Walton, 'he exprest any error, it was, that he kept himself too much retir'd, and at too great a distance with all his inferiours; and, his clothes seem'd to prove, that he put

too great a value on his parts and parentage'.

In 1619 he was elected Public Orator, one of the most important posts in the University, and one especially connected with the Court in the seventeenth century. Indeed it was commonly regarded as a stepping-stone to high office in the Government. Herbert's conduct as Orator was certainly that of a courtier. One of his first public acts was the writing of a Latin letter to King James thanking him in very flattering terms for his gift to the University of his Latin work, Basilicon Doron, while, in his capacity of Prælector in Rhetoric, instead of expounding a speech of Demosthenes or Cicero, he lectured on an oration by the King, which he is said to have 'analyzed, showed the concinnity of the parts, the propriety of phrase, the height and power of it to move the affections'. He was, of course, a fine classical scholar. He was also a musician, and, while he was Orator, he added to his accomplishments by learning Italian, Spanish and French. It was generally supposed that he would obtain high preferment at Court, and this supposition was probably strengthened when the King gave him a valuable sinecure. 'With this', writes Walton, 'and his Annuity and the advantage of his Colledge, and of his Oratorship, he enjoyed his gentile humour for cloaths and Court-like company, and seldom look'd towards Cambridge, unless the King were there, and then he never failed': . . .

But Herbert never became a great officer of State. His two great friends among the nobility, the Duke of Richmond and the Marquis of Hamilton, died in 1625 and King James I in the same year. 'With them', according to Walton, '(died) all Mr. Herbert's Court-hopes'. However, it is difficult to believe that even the removal of such powerful patrons would have closed the avenues of preferment to a man of Herbert's ability and connections. Nor is it to be supposed that he turned to the Church merely because he could not obtain advancement at Court. He had undoubtedly been interested in

GEORGE HERBERT AFTER THREE HUNDRED YEARS

religion since his boyhood, and his earliest extant verses, addressed to his mother, contain a plea for religious poetry. 'Doth Poetry', he asks prophetically, 'wear Venus Livery? only serve her turn'? He had resolved to take orders at any early date, but his original design seems merely to have been the worldly one of obtaining high office. The priesthood now appeared to him in a new light as a career of infinite value and importance in itself. In Walton's words, he 'presently betook himself to a retreat from London, to a friend in Kent'. There 'he had many conflicts with himself, whether he should return to the painted pleasures of a Court-life, or betake himself to a study of Divinity, and enter into Sacred Orders'. This conflict was the crisis of his life, and it has left its mark on some of his finest poems. His great poem called The Pearl contains a burning record of the intensity of his love of worldly pleasures, and the pain that it cost him to cut himself off from them:

I know the wayes of pleasure, the sweet strains, The lullings and the relishes of it; The propositions of hot bloud and brains; What mirth and musick mean, what love and wit Have done these twenty hundred yeares, and more: I know the projects of unbridled store: My stuff is flesh, not brasse; my senses live, And grumble oft, though they have more in me Than he that curbs them, being but one to five; Yet I love thee.

In 1629 he married Jane Danvers, a woman who seems to have been admirably fitted to play the difficult part of the wife of a man of genius. On 26th April in the following year he was instituted to the rectory of Fuggleston St. Peter's at Bemerton. His ministry as a parish priest lasted only for three years, but those three years were the crown of his short life. This delicately nurtured, fastidious, aristocratic scholar threw himself into the work of a country parson with an ardour of devotion and self-sacrifice that were truly heroic.

Walton's account of Herbert's life at Bemerton is the most beautiful part of his biography. The following story will illustrate its quality. Herbert retained his affection for music, and he used to attend a 'music meeting' or private concert at Salisbury. When he was walking to the concert on one occasion, 'he saw a poor man, with poorer horse, that was fall'n under his Load; they were both in distress, and needed help; which Mr. Herbert perceiving, put off his Canonical Coat, and help'd the poor man to unload, and after to load his horse. The poor man blest him for it, and he blest the poor man; and was so like the good Samaritan, that he gave him money to refresh both himself and his horse; and told him "That if he lov'd himself, he should be merciful to his Beast". Thus he left the poor man; and at his coming to his musical friends at Salisbury, they began to wonder that Mr. George Herbert, which us'd to be so trim and clean, came into that company so soyl'd and discomposed; but he told them the occasion. And when one of the company told him "He disparag'd himself by so dirty an employment;" his answer was, "That the thought of what he had done, would prove Musick to him at midnight; and that the omission of it, would have upbraided and made discord in his Conscience, whensoever he would pass by that place; for if I be bound to pray for all that be in distress, I am bound so far as it is in my power, to practice what I pray for, And though I do not wish for the like occasion every day, yet let me tell you, I would not willingly pass one day of my life without comforting a sad soul or showing mercy; and I praise God for this occasion. And now let's tune our Instruments"

Surely this is a true Saint's legend worthy of place beside the *Fioretti* of St. Francis. It gives us a living picture of one who possessed what Matthew Arnold called 'the secret of Jesus', that spiritual beauty and tenderness which is found only too rarely in the

records of English Christianity.

Herbert's naturally delicate constitution appears to have been undermined by his untiring devotion to his work and by the rigour of his fasts and religious exercises. 'He had too thoughtful a wit', he used to say. 'A wit like a penknife in too narrow a sheath, too sharp for his body'. The end came in the early spring of 1633.

'The Sunday before his death, he rose Suddenly from his Bed or Couch, call'd for one of his Instruments, took it into his hand, and

said-

My God, my God, My musick shall find thee, And every string shall have his attribute to sing.

And having tun'd it, he play'd and sung :

The Stendayes of man's life, Threaded together on time's string, Make Bracelets to adorn the Wife Of the eternal glorious King: On Sundayes, Heavens dore stands ope; Blessings are plentiful and rife, More plentiful than hope

GEORGE HERBERT AFTER THREE HUNDRED YEARS

Thus he sung on earth such Hymns and Anthems, as the Angels, and he, and Mr. Farrer now sing in Heaven. Thus he continued meditating and praying and rejoycing, till the day of his death'...

It is touching to learn from Aubrey's notes on Herbert that his love of music followed him even to the grave: 'He was buryed (according to his owne desire) with the singing service for the buriall

of the dead, by the singing men of Sarum'.

Herbert's two great books are the collection of poems called The Temple, published in 1633, and the less known, but hardly less beautiful prose work called The Country Parson, published in 1650. These two books taken together may be said to contain the finest expression of seventeenth century Anglicanism. The Country Parson is a treatize on the character and functions of the ideal parish priest. It is an ideal full of that largeness of mind, that graciousness and sweet reasonableness which are the finest parts of the Anglican heritage. The Parson is not only to be pious and charitable. He is to pay attention also to comeliness in language and in external matters : 'his apparel plain, but reverend and clean, without spots, or dust, or smell; the purity of his mind breaking out, and dilating itself even to his body, cloaths, and habitation'. There is more of the Hellenic temper of the Renascence in Herbert's ideal parson than the drabness of the Puritan reformation. His is a religion like that of Erasmus, full of sweetness and light, not rejecting the material world but irradiating it with spiritual beauty, 'shewing that things of ordinary use are not only to serve in the way of drudgery, but to be washed and cleansed, and serve for lights even of Heavenly Truth'. This is a type of religion which reminds us of Matthew Arnold's noble vision of a 'Catholicism purged, opening itself to light and air, having the consciousness of its own poetry'.

But George Herbert's great legacy is, of course, his poetry. He has sometimes been regarded as the complacent and conventional poet of institutional religion. Nothing could be further from the truth than such a conception of the poet of *The Temple*. He is one of the most original, one of the most intensely personal, and one of the most passionate of English poets. There is not much complacency in his

description of contemporary England:

O England, full of sinne, but most of sloth Spit out thy flegme, and fill thy brest with glorie. Thy Gentrie bleats, as if thy native cloth Transfus'd a sheepishness into thy storie:

WESSEX

The great subject of his poetry as he told his friend, Nicholas Ferrar, when he gave him the manuscript of *The Temple*, is 'a picture of many spiritual conflicts that have passed between God and my soul,

before I could subject mine to the will of Jesus my master'.

The Temple contains Herbert's spiritual history. It is the expression of that long and bitter struggle between spirit and flesh in which the taking of Orders was indeed a landmark, but which was only really terminated by his death. English literature abounds in highly ornate verse dealing with sensuous beauty. Herbert's poetry, like Wordsworth's, has been misunderstood because it is unusual both in subject matter and in treatment. He does not describe flowers, sunsets or beautiful women in decorative language, but he writes in the plainest and most colloquial style about the state of his own soul, 'the spiritual conflicts' of which he spoke to Ferrar. His literary manifesto may be said to be contained in the following lines:

Who says that fictions onely and false hair Become a verse? Is there in truth no beautie?

Keats declared that 'Beauty is Truth'. Herbert's philosophy might be summed up in the converse of that statement, which is not quite the same thing: 'Truth is Beauty'. Beside the beauty of truth, which for Herbert was the truth of religion, all sensuous beauties faded into insignificance. Yet the poignancy of his poetry is largely due to the fact that he loved those sensuous beauties, and it was only the beauty of spirit that could draw him away from them. This conflict is to be found in many poems, but its most powerful expression is the great poem called The Collar, one of the finest poems of the seventeenth century, and when I say that, I am not forgetting that it was the century of Lycidas, Paradise Lost and Absalom and Achitophel:

Time Collar.

I Struck the board, and cry'd, No more.

I will abroad.

What? shall I ever sigh and pine?

My lines and life are free; free as the rode,
Loose as the wind as large as store.

Shall I be still in suit

Have I no harvest but a thorn

To let me bloud, and not restore

What I have lost with cordiall fruit?

Sure there was wine

Before my sighs did drie it: there was com

Before my tears did drown it.

Is the year lost only to me?

GEORGE HERBERT AFTER THREE HUNDRED YEARS

Have I no bayes to crown it? No flowers, no garlands gay? all blasted? All wasted? Not so, my heart: but there is fruit, And thou hast hands. Recover all thy sigh-blown age On double pleasures: leave thy cold dispute Of what is fit, and not; forsake thy cage Thy rope of sands Which pettie thoughts have made, and made to thee Good cable, to enforce and draw And be thy law, While thou didst wink and wouldst not see. Away; take heed: I will abroad. Call in thy deaths head there: tie up thy fears. He that forbears To suit and serve his need. Deserves his load. But as I rav'd and grew more fierce and wilde At every word, Methoughts I heard one calling, Childe:

And I reply'd, My Lord.

The whole of this poem except the last quatrain might have been written by an angry and embittered epicurean determined to reject the spiritual life root and branch, and to enjoy material pleasures to the full. The conclusion is one of the most astonishing feats in English poetry. It does not contain reasoning to prove the truth of Christianity, nor does it tempt the unbeliever with paradise or threaten him with hell fire. In the single word, 'Childe', Herbert has given the one really convincing reply to the materialist argument. The reply is that true religion is love, and that in the world of the materialist there is no place for love, for that spiritual beauty and tenderness which is the most profound need of humanity. But this is a clumsy paraphrase. Herbert's answer is no abstract argument. It is a great poet's cry from the heart, the voice of his whole being finding complete expression in language of that tremendous simplicity and directness which has been achieved only by a few master spirits, and beside which all common literary artifice seems little better than a tinkling cymbal.

V. DE SOLA PINTO.

BALLADE TO OUR LADY

(François Villon, 'Le Grand Testament')

by R. A. Hodgson

TEAVEN'S lady, earth's high queen Empress of the swamps of hell, Take me as your servant mean With your chosen ones to dwell, Who worthless am, as I know well. Lady, greater than my sin Is your grace, and none shall win Paradise, nor do I lie, Lacking your fair help therein. By this faith I live and die.

Tell your Son that his I've been, So my sins be shriven well; Pardon me, like Egypt's queen, Or as once the same befell That Theophilus who'd sell Him to Satan: never in Such a course let me begin! Virgin whom did sanctify The host adored as wafer thin. By this faith I live and die.

Little, old, of humble mien, I can neither read nor spell; In my parish church I've seen Heaven painted, and a hell Where the damned bear tortures fell. Scared am I of devil's gin; Grant that holy joy I win, Goddess to whom sinners fly, Make me all devout within. By this faith I live and die.

BALLADE TO OUR LADY

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Maiden of a royal kin,
Your womb Jesus entered in—
Not to perish, nor begin—
When He came down from on high:
Life to offer for our sin:
My confession thus I spin.
By this faith I live and die.



THE OLD MAN OF VERONA

(after Claudian) by R. Martin Pope

HOW happy he who hath his homestead kept From youth to age in pastures all his own: On the same heath where as a child he crept Firm on his staff he counts the seasons flow.

He ne'er was lured by Fortune's fickle star, Nor fared by unknown seas an alien guest: The merchant's fears, the trumpet-blast of war, The law-court's babel troubled not his breast.

Unversed in life, he shunned the city near
The wider spaces of the sky to view:
The crops and not the consul marked his year:
The fall by fruits, by flowers the spring he knew.

His land unchanged suns wax and wane has seen, A farmer's world wherein he measured time, Recalling how the oak, the thicket green Along with him have passed their earlier prime.

Verona farther off than India lies, The Red Sea, not Benacus, surges nigh: And yet this grandsire stout of thews defies With force untamed the march of destiny.

Life's paths be theirs to farthest Spain who roam, But life itself is his who stays at home.

JOHN KEBLE AND THE OXFORD MOVEMENT

ARDINAL NEWMAN in his 'Apologia' 'dates the beginning of the Oxford Movement to the University Sermon on National Apostasy preached by John Keble in St. Mary's Church in Oxford on July 14th, 1833. It is therefore fitting that Wessex, published almost exactly a century later, should contain a few words on that movement. There are two special reasons for this. In the first place John Keble was from 1835 to his death in 1866 resident, as vicar of Hursley, in the centre of Wessex. Secondly, and more importantly, Wessex represents the various activities and ideals of a College which, like all modern Colleges, is undenominational, and Keble, though all his life a loyal member of the Anglican Church, represented perhaps to a higher degree than any of the leaders of the Oxford Movement its universal, non-denominational aspects.

Few religious movements have suffered from such misconceptions as the one which began with Keble's sermon. Misplaced emphasis on certain aspects has tended to obscure fundamental aims. To those obsessed with a hatred of everything Roman, the movement has appeared as an attempt to undermine the Protestant Reformation. To others to whom everything Roman appears to be right, the movement has seemed a step in the right direction towards Roman Catholicism. Both these estimates are founded on misconceptions. An approximation to Rome was not an aim of the Oxford Movement. It is true that some of its followers developed an irresistible attraction to the Roman Church, and the leader who was pre-eminent in intellectual power eventually joined that communion and died a Roman Cardinal. But Keble was from first to last loyal to his branch of the reformed church, and in this he is a true representative of the movement as a whole.

Again, there are some who see in the Oxford Movement a predominant bias towards ritualism. This, too, is a misconception of ultimate aims. It is true that the leaders did aim at a revival of belief in the value of religious ceremonial. It is also true that some have used the movement as an encouragement for their ritualistic and liturgical innovations, which in some cases have been mere copies of Rome, and in some mere individualistic eccentricities. But extremists do not represent the real aim of the movement, which was not

JOHN KEBLE AND THE OXFORD MOVEMENT

the multiplication of ceremonial for its own sake, but the use of

ceremonial to heighten the expression of spiritual truths.

This mistaken emphasis on the ritualistic side of the Oxford Movement also leads some to see in it an attempt to revise an extreme form of 'Sacramentalism'. Here, again, there is misconception. One of the main aims of the movement was to revive a belief in the value of sacraments, but this aim was not an attempt to reintroduce the Roman mass, but an attempt to revive the use of sacraments as an aid to devotion. In this the movement founded its aim on the fundamental truth that all nature is sacramental, that desires and ideals which are devoid of outward expression are valueless. is paved with good intentions'. And in religion especially spiritual ideals are valueless unless expressed in action, not only in conduct but also in devotional expressions of religious belief. And no expression is so capable of arousing a sense of reverence and devotion as the Eucharist-Christ's own Service. The aim, therefore, of the Oxford Movement was not to revive an elaborate ceremony in which the laity took little active part, but to revive the sense of awe and mystery in religion which had been largely lost where Holy Communion had become a mere perfunctory occasional duty, devoid of any real dignity. If the Oxford Movement has done nothing more than help to revive the habit of frequent and reverent communion it has justified itself.

But it has done much more. It has had the primary aim not only of reviving the devotional life through the sacraments, but also of widening the conception of the word Church. It is true that the movement was centred in the Anglican Church, but the main emphasis was always on the wide Catholic aspect of Christianity. It was essentially opposed to narrowness and insularity. It aimed at reviving a conception of a Catholic Church of Christ which could embrace all

shades of thought.

It is this wide Catholic aspect of the Oxford Movement, combined with its devotional aspect, which makes it fitting that the members of an undenominational College like our own should join in commemorating a movement in which all can find something of value. We should all remember, too, that the movement has succeeded in its main aims. We must not allow the criticisms of one-sided opponents, or the eccentricities of one-sided champions, to blind us to the fact that the Oxford Movement has done very much to revive the devotional life and to combat narrowness and insularity. And we

WESSEX

who live in Wessex should remember especially that great leader of the movement who for so many years lived in our midst. We should remember John Keble with gratitude and reverence because he, perhaps more than any other leader in the Oxford Movement, represented its ultimate spiritual aims. His was the mind of a saint, a mind of the utmost reverence, tenderness and beauty, and to him we owe especially all that was of real and permanent value in the movement to the spiritual and moral life of the nation.

E. S. LYTTEL.



SONNET

by S. Gurney Dixon

I WATCHED a rain-cloud stoop with queenly grace To greet the solitary sun-scorched hill, Beneath his shroud of dust so deathly still, His rugged shoulders tenderly embrace, Her cold cheek lean against his anguished face, And sudden pitying tears let fall until There came a voice from every parchéd rill, The stir of life in that dumb palsied place.

Slowly she rose, for rock and crag and spur Clung to her knees and every tree-clad slope Clutched at her trailing skirt, beseeching her Whose charity had turned despair to hope.

Her destined way she took with step serene, Far off Fate's beckoning finger she had seen.

Tamaica, 1932.

THE BEGINNINGS OF ENGLISH HUMANISM

[Professor W. F. Schirmer, Ph.D., Head of the Department of English in the University of Berlin, delivered the following lecture to the English Honours Class at University College, Southampton, on Tuesday, 2nd May, 1933.]

ADIES and Gentlemen, you all know that the term Renaissance is closely linked to and bound up with the term humanism. And humanism in former times meant the knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages, and the study of the literature in those languages. Now in view of this fact it is obviously necessary to study the writings in Latin, as well as those in English. And if one does so: two clearly defined periods begin to shape themselves, the first reaching from the Twelfth to the Fourteenth Century, the second from Fifteenth to the Sixteenth. With regard to the first of these two movements, it must be said at the beginning that it originated in France, but England is advancing at the same time, and holds her own. We have a home of all classical studies in the Cathedral Schools of Chartres, Orléans, Rheims and Laon, and in these schools literary interests are foremost. We have a very vivid picture of the life and teachers of these schools in the memoirs of John of Salisbury, who (like all the English humanists of his time) was in close connection with these learned centres of France. Archbishop Theobald founded a similar school at Canterbury, which John of Salisbury calls 'Caput regni institiaeque domus'. English learning soon equalled that of France. An Englishman called Adam lectured in Paris (near the little bridge and that is why he was called Parvipontanus) and Robert Pulleyn and many others were travelling lecturers in France. Even the English monasteries show definite signs of the classical revival, as is best illustrated by the historical writings of Simeon of Durham. Ordericus Vitalis, Henry of Huntingdon, William of Newburgh and. more important still, William of Malmesbury.

But it is not only in Latin prose writings that Englishmen excelled. Many poems are extant which show as high a level as we are used to see in France. An Englishman called Hilarius wrote imitations of Plautus, and an unknown writer the so-called Conocetia Babionis. Then there is a rather bold poem called Cament ale Learner ale Leda. These may be called minor poets. But the example of the great continental writers like Alanus ab Insulis and Walter of Chatillon soon produced epic poetry in England. Three examples must be

WESSEX

given: first the Archithrenius, the Arch viper of John de Hauteville, a satiric poem, and a very rhetorical one that is most interesting to us, through the description of the life of the poor students in Paris. Then the Speculum Stultorum, a very vivid satire, which tells of the donkey Brunellus, who went to the University of Salerno to grow a big tail, but he lost it in a quarrel, and he begins to study in the Faculty of Arts, but after seven years of endeavour he still brays as before, and finally he decides to enter a monastery. This poem of Nigellus Wireker is a mirror of a highly developed civilization, bold in its satire of the friars, and in its craving for spiritual freedom. More important still is the third example, the Bellum Trojanum of John of Exeter. This epic shows the most brilliant rhetoric of the Middle Ages, dignified by classical scholarship. It was a scholarship which was not confined to the study or the monastery. Men of the world, politicians and court-officials participated in it as well, as is proved by three well-known names: Giraldus Cambrensis, who wrote the first really interesting descriptions of people and customs in Ireland and Wales, Walter Map, of whose brilliant talk, the Nugae Curialium, derived their vividness, a writer of rare elegance, a great scholar, and one of the great personalities of the Twelfth Century.

This humanism decays in the Thirteenth Century. The times have changed. A religious revival gradually took the place of the classical studies, and instead of a Bellum Trojanum the poets chose religious matter a subject. John Peckham and John Hoveden may be named as examples for this development. From a humanistic point of view this meant a decay. The humanists become secluded scholars, thelogians and philosophers, and classical and literary interests vanish. Richard of Bury is a collector of books. Duns Scotus and Adam Marsh are philosophers. Alexander Hales and Thomas Bradwardine are theologians. The tasks that humanism has still to perform are neglected. The brilliant historical school has only one great writer to boast of : Matthew Paris, and, while contemporary France paved the way for historical writing in the native idiom as for example in Joinville, England missed that opportunity. and history became confined to the several monasteries. Another missed opportunity was in natural science. England was really foremost in this department. I need only refer to Roger Bacon and his school. But no humanist writer availed himself of this promising subject except Alexander Neckham, who after all never rose to really accomplished work.

THE BEGINNINGS OF ENGLISH HUMANISM

Consequently humanism lost its hold on the national mind, and the Fourteenth Century becomes more and more bourgeois in its interests. The great poets, of course, had still their classical training, and a poet like Chaucer made the best use of it by making it thoroughly English. But his achievements (and he really was the greatest European poet of the last decade of the Fourteenth Century) were not equalled by his imitators. Consequently there was neither English nor Latin poetry of first rate quality to be found in the first quarter of the Fifteenth Century. A new impulse had to come, and it came from abroad. And it meant a new revival of classical humanism. Italy had in the meantime risen to be the home of classical studies, and Italians brought the new seeds to England. From the famous Church Assembly of Constance Cardinal Beaufort brought Poggio Bracciolini, but Poggio did not feel at home in England. He complained that the English drank too much beer and knew hardly anything of Virgil. So his four years stay in England proved a failure. Nor was Duke Humphrey of Gloucester luckier in his attempts to induce Leonardo Bruni to come to England. Humphrey began a new venture. He became a patron of Italian humanists, and made them translate Greek books into Latin, which had to be dedicated to him. So Bruni translated Aristotle, Candido Decembrio, Plato's Republic, and Pasini and Castiglionchio, Plutarch. Then Humphrey employed Italian secretaries, as for instance Tito Livio and Antonio Beccaria. And, when Piero da Monte was made Papal Collector in England, he became a friend of Humphrey's, and speaks very highly of the Duke's humanist interests. The best known example of these interests is the generous gift of most of his books to the University of Oxford. The interest kindled by Humphrey's endeavours shows itself in the activities of lesser men, as for instance Thomas Beckynton and his assistant Thomas Chaundler. At the same time a new activity made itself to be felt in some monasteries, especially at Alban's, where Abbot Wheathamstead compiled huge books of classical lore. Unfortunately the Latin of all these people is highly irregular, and not up to the æsthetic and formal interests displayed in their writings. Their humanism remained, if I may say so, broadcasted from a far-off country and did not take root in England.

So a new venture finally arose. Englishmen began to travel and study in Italy. These men one might call humanistic seekers. Foremost among them were Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester and Bishod Grey. Both of them were competent scholars and men of the world at the same time, and they were looked upon by the Italian humanists as their equals. Tiptoft delivered a speech before Pius II and that humanist Pope thanked him with these words: 'Te solum omnium principum haec nostra conspexit aetas, quem virtute et eloquentia praestantissimis ipsis Romanorum et Graecorum imperatoribus comparare possumus'. But, when Tiptoft returned to England, he became entangled in the political quarrels of that time, and the humanist was swallowed up in the warrior and politician. Nor did Grey transplant the rediscovered humanism in England. He lived among his books. But Grey encouraged Free to go to Italy, and he became Free's patron. Free is the first English example of the Italian type of humanist: a poor man who managed to live by his pen. His learning brought him into notice of several nobles, and he became a teacher at Ferrara and other Italian universities. But even he did nothing to spread the new humanism in England. It was a purely personal concern of his own, and he remained to the end of his life in Italy. The last two humanistic seekers had more influence. They were John Gunthorpe and Robert Fleming. The former's classical learning was made use of by the English court for diplomatic missions and formal addresses, and Fleming revived Latin poetry that had been lying dead for more than a century.

Nothing much came out of the endeavours of these humanistic seekers, because their humanism remained a purely formal one. There were no contents in it that bore a relation to English life or to life in general. This was changed towards the end of the Fifteenth Century by such men as Linacre, Grocyn and Latimer. Linacre is an accomplished scholar, and his advice is sought even by his Italian contemporaries. But his scholarship is not a formal one; he does not want to be brilliant. He wants to spread his knowledge, and he teaches Greek. He gave the first Greek lectures in Oxford in 1490. Linacre is the first scholar in the modern sense of the word. Finally humanism becomes a means with him. It is the key to unlock the secrets of his profession, properly speaking, the profession of a physician. And likewise Grocyn uses his humanistic knowledge as a means, this time for the study of the Bible. I need only refer to Erasmus and Colet to show the further development. Humanism has taken root in England for a second time. It is, if I may say so, the godfather to the further development of English thought.

THE BEGINNINGS OF ENGLISH HUMANISM

ponsible for the further development of English poetry. The most conspicuous but not the only example is to be found in the field of dramatic literature. Latin plays were written and acted in schools and universities. Seneca's tragedies were imitated, and however bombastic these plays may appear to us, they first taught the heroic attitude towards life. They proved that the deepest thoughts as well as all human aspirations could be handled in poetry. What Seneca called gravitas, the deep concern with human greatness, had to be learned before the Shakespearean drama could become popular. And even as Chaucer transformed the first humanism into a purely English one, so Shakespeare built up the classical English drama upon the foundations erected by the humanists.

WALTER F. SCHIRMER.



VISION

TO one who, standing on a lonely hill, Looks down upon the puny haunts of men And sees below like ants his human kind Amazed with life and quick perplexity;

And sees above the mighty rolling clouds Brooding like thoughts upon the brow of day, And sun-lit glances fleeting o'er the fields And moving shadows fraught with changeful fears;

And hears the winds wandering through the hills Resistless, restless like the flight of years, But sweeping still aside the cloud-drawn veils That shroud the spirit portals of the sky:

To him, from thought and mortal care set free, Wakes the deep care that fills eternity.

OVER THE VATNAJÖKULL*

To comes as a matter of surprise to most of us that there are in Europe hundreds of square miles still unexplored, and, moreover, in a country easy of access—Iceland; Iceland, the country of sagas, visited every year by an increasing number of tourists, with its ancient parliament, its university, its schools and colleges. Visitors, however, are limited to the larger towns of the west and north, like Reykjavik and Akreyri, and to the easily accessible country surrounding them: seeing the geysers, hot springs, volcanoes and the impressive Thingvellir, the original parliament house of Iceland, whilst in the centre and south-east of the island lie inhospitable lava deserts, precipitous mountains and thousands of square miles covered by a perpetual sheet of ice.

The largest of these ice-caps is Vatnajökull (the lake of ice), 3,400 square miles in extent, 90 miles across, and some 65 miles from north to south, rising 5,000 feet above the sea, and bounded on the north by a great lava desert.

It was the intention of our expedition to explore part of this practically inaccessible desert of central Iceland, particularly in the region immediately bordering the northern limits of the ice-cap, and it was decided that the only way to reach it was by crossing the Vatnajökull with our food and gear on sledges, as any other approach meant travelling long distances in the desert where there is no grass for ponies, the surface is almost impossible to walk on, and water is not always easy to find, and to carry fodder would mean an expense out of all proportion to the results.

We left Hull on the 22nd of June, and late in the evening of the 25th landed at Höfn, a fishing village in Hornafjördur in the southeastern corner of Iceland, after a somewhat stormy four days in the trawler 'Lord Balfour of Burleigh'. Our first impressions of Iceland were very pleasant; we were greeted on the rather decrept wooden quay, half covered with drying cod, by most of the population of Höfn and a number who had ridden in from outlying farms to catch a glimpse of the strangers. Foremost, was our chief guide, Thorburger

^{*}An account of the Cambridge Expedition to Iceland in the summer of 1932.



LOOKING EAST FROM CAMP



CAMP ON ICE-CAP



LAKE NEAR BASE CAMP, THORBURGSVATN



BASE CAMP IN THE DESIRT [F. W. Anderson



OVER THE VATNAJÖKULL

Thorleifson, excitement rendering his English almost unintelligible, who soon had us well fed and safely housed in a near-by wood shed.

Two days later we set out from Höfn with a long train of baggage ponies on our long trek along the south coast to the valley up which we were to ascend to the high ice. The ride was an eventful one, involving the crossing of many great rivers which run out from the ice-cap to the sea, always a precarious business, as they are deep and very swift and always changing their course. After the first three miles the road disappeared and the way was often over very rough ground, and this, coupled with the fact that the ponies usually proceeded at a jog-trot, made the life of the unfortunate member of the party who carried the detonators, which were likely to explode on the least provocation, a most uncertain and anxious one.

The first night was spent at a poor and lonely farm huddled under a frowning cliff of black basalt, and after the comparative luxury of Höfn our evening meal of boiled rice, black bread and salt mutton, impressed us strongly with the sparseness of the living these Icelanders eke out from their few acres of indifferent pasture. Milk, dried fish, salt mutton, black bread, a few potatoes grown in the farm tun, and skyr, a thin cheesy substance made from milk, are the main, and generally the only constituents of the farmer's diet. The farms are usually of unpainted wood, roofed with corrugated iron, with outhouses and barns, and in some cases even the farm itself, built of earth clods; often with beams and lintels of whale bone, wood being a very expensive commodity, all of it having to be imported.

Eventually we reached the village of Kalfafellstadur, and were there met by Skarphjedinn Gislason, a guide who had prospected a route for us through the mountains and up to the high ice, and for whose unpronouncible name we very soon substituted the more convenient cognomen 'Scorpion.' The ascent to the ice-cap was a long wearisome climb over ground so steep and rough that it appeared quite ridiculous to expect ponies, each carrying 120lbs. of baggage, to attempt it. However, the Iceland ponies are amazingly sturdy and sure-footed, and after ten hours of continuous toil, we reached the ice at a height of 2,380 feet, and set to work to pitch the first camp, not without difficulty, as the wind was very strong and we were as yet unskilled in the art, nevertheless, we prepared a sorely needed meal and dined luxuriously on Penmican soup, ship's biscuits and butter, with cocoa to drink and chocolate as dessert.

On the 1st of July we started our trek across the ice-cap, all the gear packed on to two eleven-foot sledges, each hauled by three men. The snow surface was extremely soft and the slope uphill, so that we soon found pulling a sledge with 690lbs. of food and equipment on it a very arduous occupation. The runners sank deeply into the snow. and at frequent intervals stuck fast in drifts, consequently, after five or six hours of strenuous pulling we found to our dismay that we had not progressed more than two miles. Still, we were by this time free of the crevassed area, and it seemed likely that in the future the going would be better. However, this was not to be, for that night the weather, which had hitherto been good, changed suddenly, and we were soon in the midst of a blizzard which lasted continuously for five days. The cold was at times intense, and we could only remain huddled up in our sleeping bags, passing the time as best we could, waiting eagerly for the next meal to relieve the tedium. On the night of July the 3rd the gale became more furious than ever, and both tents collapsed in a sudden gust; they were soon erected again, but to our intense discomfort they leaked badly throughout the rest of the storm.

On the 5th of July the wind died down, and the snow was succeeded by a thin drizzle of rain, so we crawled rather stiffly out of the tents, packed up and moved on, very relieved to leave a camp which had thoroughly earned the name we gave to it—'Camp Driblet'. We continued our steady upward climb through the mist and pitched our next camp at a height of 3,700 feet, having risen 1,100 feet in just over five miles. On the following day we moved on again in rain, which finally turned to snow, the greater part of the day being occupied in getting the sledges up a long steep bank (known to us as 'Bludge Bank'), on which the snow had been softened by the rain to such an extent that it was quite impossible for three men to move them. We had, in consequence, to relay, to hitch six men on to one sledge, take that a mile or so and then come back for the other. Altogether we rose another 700 feet, and that night, wet through to the skin, we pitched our highest camp in a raging snowstorm, at a height

of 4.400 feet above sea level.

After this we decided to try sledging by night to take advantage of any fall in temperature that might make the surface harder, so broke camp that night at 11 p.m. and set off again in a thick mist. The absence of any horizon was very depressing. Pulling a sledge over an unchanging snow-field, shrouded in mist, without the slightest

OVER THE VATNAJÖKULL

indication of any progress being made, is an extremely monotonous occupation, and one is fatigued by boredom rather than by physical weariness. Several times during the night the sledges had stuck in drifts of snow, and it was only the united efforts of all six that freed them. By about 4.30 a.m. the mist began to clear a little, and we began to have glimpses of mountains ahead of us. Finally, one of the sledges stuck immovably, so we pitched camp there and then. Gradually the mist disappeared, and we were confronted by a view of great beauty: rugged, jet-black mountains standing hard against the dazzling white snow. As peak after peak came into view, argument raged fiercely as to their identity, but the map is so inaccurate that we were unable to come to any conclusions at all until some days later. The mountain we were making for, Kverkfjöll, could not be mistaken-it stood up as a great mountainous ridge 2,000 feet above the ice-cap and measuring 6-8 miles from north to south. With every mile Kverkfjöll loomed larger and larger, the panorama of the desert to the north gradually opened out, and the snow became dirtier and dirtier, owing to the large amount of volcanic dust blown on to it from the desert. Wherever the dust collected the snow melted more rapidly than elsewhere, so that the surface steadily became more and more hummocky and uneven.

Some ten miles from the northern edge of the ice we began to meet extensive thaw streams and pools of slush. The slush, usually in pools one or two feet deep, was covered with a thin crust of frozen snow which would often bear our weight, distributed as it was by the skis, but collapsed under the much greater load of the sledge. Our frantic efforts to rescue the sledge then resulted in a complete break up of the whole crust, and we would then spend a very unpleasant half-hour in paddling about in the freezing mixture, unpacking our goods and carrying them to a firmer spot, the surface all the time freezing over again, so that one's skis often became imprisoned underneath and had to be dug out with the ice-axe. As the day wore on, the few remaining patches of firm snow began to give way, and in every direction there was nothing but deep wet slush and in some cases even shallow lakes of considerable extent. The slush became softer and deeper with every step, and soon the leading sledge sank so deeply as to be completely immovable; there was no other alternative but to unpack and move all the gear in small loads to an island of firm snow we had located some distance ahead, where eventually we pitched camp at 2.30 a.m. the next morning. Occupied as we

were in the negotiation of this difficult area, our attention throughout the evening and night was constantly attracted to the wonderful sky effects over the desert. During the afternoon great banks of storm cloud had gathered in the north, casting an awful gloom over the desert, culminating in a terrific rain storm later in the day. Then towards the evening the storm cleared and was succeeded by the most wonderful sunset we had any of us seen—lurid bars of cloud hanging over a pool of intense blackness, behind, a fiery scintillating light blazing as though the whole world were on fire, reflecting from the snow-clad summits of Snaefell and Herdubreid in a rosy glow; the jagged ridges of the Kverknúkarnar a fantastic tracery against the sky, and in the desert flat the black and sinister columns of the Gates of Hell, all mirrored in the newly-frozen pools of slush scattered over the snow-field.

On July the 14th, after threading our way through a badly creassed area, we pitched our base camp on the marginal moraine of Bráarjókull, a lobe of the ice-cap stretching some fifteen to twenty miles north between Kverkfjöll Eystri and Snaefell. The next fourteen days were spent in exploring the area, each member of the expedion his own particular job, whilst two men went further north some

fifteen miles into the desert to visit the oasis Hyannalindir.

The surrounding country had a strange and desolate aspect. To the north lay the Odáthahraun, a wide desert of black volcanic sand and rough lava flows, bordered on its northern edge by impressive mountains. At the edge of the ice-cap and within half a mile of the camp was a small and very beautiful lake, its eastern shore a ninety-foot ice wall, on the west the ground rising in well-marked terraces to a wide expanse of irregular morainic dumps and a series of black dome-shaped hills, all so confused and intermingled as to resemble more than anything else the spoil heaps of a coal mine. From this comparatively high ground the rivers fell through most impressive gorges to the desert flat below. The whole region is dominated by the towering bulk of the eastern scarp of Kverkfjöll, rising like a great wall 2,000 feet to a flat, snow-capped summit.

There was a great deal of work to be done in this hitherto unexplored region, and the time to return came all too quickly. On the 22nd July the two returned from the desert, bringing with them wild swan which they had shot in the oasis, providing a welcome change from the monotonous diet of Pemmican, and it was decided that on the following day we were to start back across the ice. We

OVER THE VATNAJÖKULL

did not get started, however, until five days later, being held up by another blizzard, which seriously curtailed the time we had allowed for the return journey, as by this time we had only fourteen days'

rations remaining.

Eventually we left the base camp, not without regret, and started to recross the ice-cap. During the last fortnight the thaw had been intense and had cut up the ice margin to such an extent that all the gear had to be carried on our backs until we were some two miles from the edge, as it was quite impossible to use the sledges. From then onwards everything was easy, sledging conditions were perfect, a surface of newly-fallen snow frozen hard, and bright sunny days made travelling a pleasure. Consequently, we were able to recross in three days, when the outward journey along approximately

the same route had taken us fifteen days.

On the 31st July we reached the site of our first camp to find the district so changed by thaw as to be quite unrecognisable. original névé covering, forty feet thick, had been completely removed, revealing bare ice slit every few yards by gaping crevasses, difficult and dangerous to negotiate and tedious to circumvent. Next day we wasted no time in descending the mountain to the grassy slopes of the Stathará valley and pitched camp at a place called Selhólar. Here we stayed for five days engaged in an ecological study of the valley, and then on August 5th set off on our return journey along the coast. The rivers we had crossed on the way out now offered much greater difficulty, as they were swollen by melt water, and required great care and skilful guidance to negotiate with success. On several occasions it was necessary for the ponies to swim, carrying us on their backs, and on these occasions there was always considerable delay, whilst a careful reconnaisance was made in order to find the places where the current ran least swiftly. Our chief anxiety was for the safety of the baggage, containing as it did the specimens and results of the expedition. Fortunately, nothing was lost, although on each occasion everything got thoroughly soaked.

Having arrived safely at Hólar, we then hoped to be picked up by a trawler and taken back to England, but none were available, so we were compelled to charter a small and very leaky motor-boat to take us some two hundred miles to the Vestmannaejar, where we knew the liners called on their way from Reykjavik to Hull. This turned out to be the most unpleasant part of the whole trip. We started, pleasantly enough, in brilliant sunshine and a calm sea, but

after a few hours we ran into a fearful gale—one of those sudden storms so typical of the Icelandic seas. The mountainous waves and heavy rain so upset the skipper that he lost his way and his wits, and it was not until we had tossed about for twenty-eight hours in acute discomfort that, to our great relief and surprise, the Westman Islands were sighted on our bows, and shortly afterwards a wan and weary party climbed gratefully on to the quay.

Three days later, after being fêted exhaustingly by the town, washed, shorn of our beards, and looking strangely respectable, we boarded the Gödafoss and landed in Hull on the 22nd of August.

It was with considerable regret that we watched the scene of our aeventures sink below the horizon, mountain by mountain, for no recollections of discomfort or hardship could obscure the elusive charm of those wild and desolate places. Our last fading glimpse of the Vatnajökull showed it in familiar guise—ourselves in brilliant sunshine, the ice-field shrouded in storm clouds. Small wonder that the stock phrase of every Icelander we met was the observation—

'Bad vetter on the ice-cap'!

F. W. ANDERSON.



ALFRED OF WESSEX

[A Paper read at a meeting of the Southampton Branch of the English Association on February 20, 1933.]

IKE other heroes of the Middle Ages, Alfred has suffered from time to time at the hands of posterity. He has suffered at the hands of uncritical admirers on the one hand and of hypercritical detractors on the other. To his contemporaries and immediate successors he was the heroic deliverer of a harassed land. To the later Middle Ages he was the good king intimately wise, the father of his people, worshipped on this side idolatry. The Elizabethans knew remarkably little of him, but with the renewal of interest in Anglo-Saxon England his memory was revived. It was as late as the seventeenth century that Sir John Spelman, in his garrulous Life of Alfred the Great, first bestowed upon him that epithet, following a casual phrase in the writings of Cardinal Baronius, the sixteenth century Church historian, who had referred to Alfred as 'deservedly called great', magnus merito nuncupatus. That name still clings to him, and as Alfred the Great he is first known and loved by successive generations of school children. Even the General Catalogue in the Reading Room of the British Museum has Alfred the Great, King of England, as a heading, contrasting with the more precise Bodleian Aelfred, King of the West Saxons. Some indeed may feel that Spelman's bestowal of this epitheton perpetuum was not entirely happy. Was Alfred great as Alexander, or Pompeius, or Frederick of Prussia was great? His greatness was surely of another order. As Charles Plummer once wrote: 'Alfred is one of the very few rulers whose work in life, and whose memory after death have been, as far as may be said of anything here below, an unmixed blessing to their peoples. . . . When we think of kings and emperors worthy to be compared with our own Alfred, the four names which perhaps most readily occur to us are Marcus Aurelius, the imperial saint of paganism, Louis IX, the royal saint of medievalism, Charlemagne, and our own Edward I'.

Certain more critical historians of the nineteenth century would not suffer Alfred's greatness to go altogether unchallenged. Shadows, however faint, were cast upon his integrity. So, for example, his patriotism was called in question. Provincial rather than national, he deliberately sacrificed Mercia to Wessex and did not set his heart on making England one as his grandfather had done. Nor was his churchmanship without blemish. According to Asser, when the Danes appeared on Ashdown, a priest was celebrating the Holy Mysteries. Ethelred insisted on hearing the service to its close, whereas his less pious brother headed the division without demur and faced the foe. His humanity was not above his age. According to the Chronicle, he once hanged some suppliant Danes without trial, and he upheld a wild revengeful justice in many of the Laws.

A new wave of enthusiasm for Alfred came with historians like John Richard Green, who saw in pre-Norman England a kind of golden age and praised the valiant King of Wessex as 'the only instance in the history of Christendom of a ruler who put aside every personal aim or ambition in order to devote himself wholly to the welfare of those whom he ruled'. Our own generation has grown somewhat cautious of superlatives, and yet who would refuse to side with Green on the main issue? We all love Alfred, and we really regret in our hearts that some of the beautiful tales about him must be relegated to fancy's realm, though not, we would be eech, to oblivion: that he burnt the cakes; that he won his way to the hearts of the Danes by his skilful playing on the harp in their camp and so elicited from them their war secrets; that he divided the whole of England into shires; that he founded the University of Oxford; and many others. Let the two first be ever preserved among the legenda aurea of our fair island's story, but the two last can hardly fail to give grievous offence to the severe muse of history. As for the Oxford legend, it was invented as late as 1603. Curiously enough, it was under the auspices of no less a man than William Camden that the paragraph relating Alfred's foundation of University College, Oxford, was interpolated in the text of Asser. In his article on Camden in the Dictionary of National Biography, E. A. Freeman would partially extenuate this offence. Why on earth did Camden of all persons descend to such tampering? Only to adduce proof that Oxford was older than Cambridge. As F. W. Maitland used to say, the earliest form of inter-university sports seems to have been a competition in lying.

The primary sources of our knowledge of Alfred are not so meagre as some of his recent biographers might lead us to suppose. First and foremost, there are his own writings, the introduction to the Book of Laws, the Will, the Prefaces to the translations, and the translations themselves, which he wrote himself or caused to be written under

ALFRED OF WESSEX

his supervision, translations from Latin which yet reveal by turn of phrase, by addition, by comment or digression, the character and the thought of the translator. The Old English Chronicles all ran parallel as far as the year 890, when the Winchester one was drawn up, doubtless at the King's instigation, and after which date it ceased to be a mere list of dated events and expanded into a true history. Passing references to events in England are found in Frankish and Scandinavian Chronicles. In charters Alfred's reign is not specially rich, since they were preserved in monasteries and did not always escape destruction at the hands of the Danes. There are records in the Vatican at Rome relating to this country which have not yet been fully explored. Ever fresh light is being thrown upon ninth century England by archæologists and by scientific investigators, among whom honourable mention may here be made of the officers of the English Place Name Society. Finally, there is one contemporary biography by Bishop Asser, the De Rebus Gestis Aelfredi, the main text of which was proved genuine about thirty years ago by William Henry Stevenson, and, purged and rehabilitated, has been duly edited by him with valuable introduction and commentary. Late medieval authors like Florence of Worcester, Simeon of Durham, Henry of Huntingdon, William of Malmesbury, and Roger of Wendover, had direct recourse to Asser, but they also worked upon living tradition, and their accounts offer pleasant reading and are of intrinsic interest, whatever value we may place upon them as responsible history.

These sources taken together provide a considerable store of information, but one cannot help regretting again and again that no historian of the calibre of Bede undertook to write about Alfred. It was sound judgement that Asser lacked. How far in this respect did

he fall short of Bede!

Throughout the Middle Ages, Alfred remained a distinctly historical figure, however much that figure became distorted in the popular imagination. He never became a hero of legend like Arthur. He lived too late for that, too long after the Heroic Age. As H. M. Chadwick has shown so lucidly, that age was for Germania the fourth, fifth and sixth centuries or, yet more narrowly, A.D. 325 to 575. Arthur and Beowulf were contemporaries. They lived and died well within the Heroic Age and, moreover, they fulfilled that other condition of legendary renown, in that they were the last great leaders of disappearing nations, protagonists of lost causes, glorified

by the medieval imagination. Arthur was the hero-king of the Celts of Britain before their expulsion westwards; Beowulf the hero-king of the Geats of Scandia before their absorption by the Swedes. Had Alfred been the twilight hero of Wessex, and not its dayspring deliverer, whose work was continued and firmly established by his son, grandsons and great-grandsons, he might also have passed from the great deep to the great deep, and have been endowed with the might of thirty men in this life's day, and have taken a proud place in epic and romance. As it was, he proceeded just the smallest step on the way to becoming a myth. He shone out with a mellow and golden radiance from the shadows of a past age as the personification of mature human wisdom, common sense and justice. The ruler most deeply revered and most dearly beloved, he became the shepherd, the darling, the solace of his people, Englene hurde, Englene durling, and Englene vrouer. In the so-called Proverbs of Alfred, indited by a nameless poet of the thirteenth century, he is depicted sitting at Seaford on the Sussex coast and addressing his meeting of wise men. And what does he tell them? Not counsels of state, not weighty principles of government, not plans for the conduct of war. but personal and intimate advice and wisdom to guide them and be with them all the days of their life. Exceedingly touching is this ascription of homely lore to Alfred by this late medieval poet. Born of age-long devotion and affection, it was one among many spontaneous tributes to the memory of the greatest man Wessex ever produced. Generations came and went, but the good King lived on in the hearts of humble village folk, and it was just this human side of his greatness that was remembered most, and not his zeal as a reformer, his efficiency as an organizer, or his prowess and utter fearlessness as a warrior.

Alfred succeeded to the throne of Wessex in the year 871 at the age of 23. His reign opened amidst the stress and storm of conflict with the Danes. In that one year, according to the Old English Chronicle, no fewer than nine pitched battles were fought south of the Thames. The ensuing year was not so difficult, for the enemy sought easier conquests, but Alfred had little peace. In 877, the storm gathered afresh. Guthrum and Hubba swept down upon him at Chippenham. The humiliation of Athelney followed, the speedy rallying of the forces, the hard-won victory, and the treaty of 878. Complete peace was not restored until after the second treaty of 886, when London and Middlesex were won back from the pagans and the

ALFRED OF WESSEX

main armies of the Vikings cleared off to the Seine, there to besiege Paris and there to receive tribute from Charles the Fat.

At last, then, in 886, Alfred enjoyed that stillness for which he had so longed. Athirst as he was for those joys to which the man of contemplation alone can hope to attain, he now showed himself more than ever the man of action, the gifted organizer. His reforms were military, civil and educational: military, the arrangement of the fierd or native army and the building of ships; civil, the new edition of the laws based upon those of Ine of Wessex, Offa of Mercia, and certain of the Kentish kings; and educational, the re-awakening of religion and learning. Peace prevailed for seven years. In 893, another storm broke on England, when the main army of the Northmen, with their families and goods, crossed the Channel again, leaving a desolate land behind them. For three years the strife lasted, and during this critical period Alfred reaped the full benefit of his wise preparations. In 896, the enemy disbanded. Some went to East Anglia, some to Northumbria, others back across to the Seine. No wonder that the Chronicle, under the year 897=896, burst into thanksgiving and praise. 'That invading army had not, by the mercy of God, entirely crushed England' . .

Were those last years, 896 to 899, years of peace? The silence of the Chronicle would seem to imply so. They afforded Alfred a second period of stillness to devote to that work of reform which ever lay nearest his heart. All too brief was that period. The King died six nights before Hallowmas in the year 899. 'He was 51 years of age.

Only ten years were allowed him in which to perform the tasks of peace. His first desire was to raise the culture of his people by establishing educational institutions whether in court or in monastery, and by placing within the reach of those who could read the most useful books in the various departments of knowledge. Nowhere

Alfrai's desthidity, October 26, was long "sparide, as exectly half a milentinu less day pint to that of Goodfery Chances, vio did-on or October 28, 1400, according the sum of relative to the very constant of the control of the con

was his object more lucidly or more directly expressed than in the magnificent Preface to the Old English version of Gregory's Pastoral Care. After tracing painfully the practical extinction of Latin south of the Thames, which made all the learning recorded in that language inaccessible to the ministers of the Church, he continues: 'Therefore it seems better to me, if it seems also to you, that we too should turn into the tongue which we can all understand certain books which are most necessary for all men to know; and that we bring it about (as we very easily may, with God's help, if we have peace) that all the young men now in England who have wealth enough to be able to apply themselves to it, be set to learning, so long as they are good for no other business, till such time as they can read English literature. Let those who are to be taught further, and set apart for a higher office (in the Church) be instructed in Latin'. In his own literary labours. Alfred was content to abandon all claim to originality. The child of his age, he naturally looked to the Latin Church for supreme guidance. Greek learning had indeed lived in this country with Theodore of Tarsus and with Bede, but it had also died with them, and, apart from noteworthy exceptions like Roger Bacon, Greek remained dead until Grocvn and Linacre revived it at the Early Renaissance. To the Fathers, and to the four Latin Doctors, Jerome. Ambrose, Augustine and Gregory, Alfred went for instruction. The books he chose for translation were the standard textbooks of the Universal Church, well known to clerks and lettered men throughout the western world. They comprised a set of six: two on history, by Orosius and by Bede; two on philosophy, by Aurelius Augustinus and by Severinus Boethius; and two on theology, more especially, pastoral theology, both by Gregory. How far the King himself did the work, what share he took in the actual translating, has never been conclusively determined. One book, the translation of Gregory's Dialogues, is definitely assigned by the documents themselves to Werferth, Bishop of Worcester. Alfred did not fail to make thankful mention of his fellow-workers. Even as Charlemagne a century earlier had invited scholars to his court from all over the western world, not least among whom had been the English Ealhwine or Alcuin from York, so now Alfred summoned men of letters to Winchester. The names of seven of these have come down to us: three bishops and four priests. Plegmund came from Mercia, probably from Western Mercia, which had suffered least from the rayages of the Danes, and he was ultimately made Archbishop of Canterbury in

ALFRED OF WESSEX

succession to Ethelred. Bishop Asser, the author of the biography, came from Wales. Werferth, already mentioned, remained Bishop of Worcester but kept in close touch with Winchester. Athelstan and Werwulf came from Mercia and were made the King's own chaplains, and two other priests journeyed from across the sea: Grimbald, a monk of St. Bertin's in Flanders, who was afterwards made Abbot of the New Minster at Winchester; and John the Old Saxon, a monk of Corvey, who was made Abbot of Athelney.

The six Old English books differ considerably. Gregory's Dialogues and Bede's History have much in common as translations. The Pastoral Care seems to stand alone by virtue of its meticulous methods of rendering, its distinctive vocabulary and syntax, and the superior knowledge of Latin which its translator reveals. On the other hand, the Orosius, Boethius, and Augustine seem to stand together. In them the translator's task has been with ideas rather than with words. The fresh air of a more breezy world blows through them. The rendering seems to pass from translation to paraphrase, and from paraphrase to the freest exposition. The omissions are very drastic, and the additions are not merely by way of textual exegesis as in the three other books, but are original contributions to the subject and present a variety of information interesting to the general reader. In the Orosius such passages are based on reading and actual experience, in the Boethius and Augustine on reading and meditation. Some additions in the Boethius derive from Latin commentaries, and some in the Augustine from other readings in patristic literature, from Augustine's later works, and from Gregory and Jerome. Scholars incline to regard these three books as the King's own work, linked together by similarities in thought and expression, and showing a steady progress in general achievement, in classical scholarship, in command of language, and in strength of thought. They betray a gradually deepening interest in philosophy, in the remoter problems of life, and in the last things.

When the Latin text lured Alfred on to ponder in his own way that insoluble mystery of free will versus fate, how English he was! Like Chaucer, like Milton, like Johnson, like Bridges, he soon grew weary of high reasoning, and cut the Gordian knot. With no warrant whatever from the text in hand he declares as if in indignation, 'I say, as all Christian men say, that God's dispensation controls this world, and not fate'. And elsewhere, 'God has given free will to the souls of men to do either good or evil'. This world is not swaved by con-

scienceless forces alien from or indifferent to man, but behind all there is a directing purpose. Man must keep his soul intact. Man must hold the fort of heart and will, 'must hold the fortress of the mind against marauding bands and buttress it with battlements'. Life is a time of testing. Sorrows and anxieties increase the mind and the

courage of man.

works.

Alfred was very fond of metaphors. One of the noblest passages in the Old English Boethius is an original metaphor, 'When I with my servants mount aloft, then do we look down upon the stormy world, even as the eagle when he soars above the clouds in stormy weather so that the storms cannot hurt him'. That was his dream: to soar above earth's pinfold. And the eagle symbolizes his conception of knowledge. For him as for Francis Bacon, knowledge was, first, not a delight but a power; to be likened not to the lark but to the eagle, the bird of vision, silent and serene above the clouds, but swift to action, swift to swoop on its prey.

Let us remember Alfred as a great lover and a valiant fighter. He greatly loved the soil of Wessex and fought very valiantly to preserve it from the invader. He greatly loved Christ's Church and fought very valiantly to save her from the pagan. His life was altogether glorious. He did not cease from mental fight, nor did the sword sleep in his hand. His own words may conclude this brief account of him: 'My will was to live worthily as long as I lived; and after my life to leave to them that should follow my memory in good

SIMEON POTTER.



BYRHTNOTH AT MALDON (A.D. 991)

From the Old English
by Simeon Potter

CTILL Byrhtnoth spoke the word, That grey-haired veteran urged on his men, Commanded still his good men to advance. Though he himself no longer could upstand. To heaven he glanced: 'I thank Thee, God, Thou Ruler of Mankind, For all those joys which in this world were mine. Now, gracious Lord, my greatest need is this. That Thou wouldst grant my parting spirit power When soon my soul must journey forth to Thee That, Prince of Angels, into Thy domain In peace it may proceed and turn to Thee'. So said he, looking up, as dying there He felt the long-loved light of life depart. No wailing passed his lips, no mournful cry. No moan, no sigh, no prayer repeated faint By timid lips in plight twixt hope and fear. But like the man he was he spoke, though cause Enough he had to question God and fate, Since it was from his magnanimity And chivalry alone that he had given Advantage, equal fight, as man to man, Byrthnoth to Olaf, Olaf Tryggvason; But else the cause not equal, Byrthnoth there Fighting for home and all that he held dear. The Dane, adventurer on a hundred seas, Just seeking some chance prize. Yet mourned he not. Full heartfelt thanks were his. And as to one At life's extremity pass through the mind Life's recapitulation, catena Of myriad thronging reminiscences, Pass in a flash, the twinkling of an eye, So seeing all, he simply thanked his God For all the joys that ever had been his. And then, good Christian as he was, he needs Must think of his soul's flight, when soul alone Should leave the body there by Panta stream All that was earth of that heroic man.

OUR VILLAGES

A GROUP OF PARISHES IN ITCHEN VALE

It has been said, in effect, that there is no parish in the kingdom the history of which would not yield, on enquiry, something of general interest by the way either of instruction or entertainment. That this is abundantly true in regard to the cluster near Winchester, indicated above, is intended to be shown in the few pages which follow, and that, without attempting to emulate the minute particularisation which Miss Mittord so lovingly employs.

TICHEN ABBAS. Taking Itchen Abbas as our centre, with a radius of 2½ miles, we include at least the central portions of Abbotstone, Itchen Stoke, Ovington, Avington, Easton and Martyr Worthy. It is usual to commence with the churches. If the reader desires details about these he must be referred to the Victoria County History, or, more conveniently perhaps, to Hampshive in 'The Little Guides' Series. Suffice it to say that Itchen Abbas Church is an imitation; and one knows what advertisers say about imitations. This rebuilt church certainly retains the disadvantages of the Norman style with-

out the charm of antiquity.

A more ancient monument than the church is the pavement of a Roman Villa, which was discovered in March, 1878. It is not in the village, but is situate on a ridge of the downland about a mile to the north. The way to it is by the road which passes under the railway a little to the east of the station. You keep this road (avoiding the turn to the right which leads to Northington), pass Lone Farm on the right till you come to a 'tin hut' on the left. By the way, Lone Farm is found quite as readily by asking for 'Rats' Castle', the name by which it is locally known. At the hut above mentioned there is a path to the west along the ridge, which passes a small clump of yews in a field on the left and leads to a large clump of trees, on the path side of which is the pavement. It is roofed in, but has wire netting on three sides through which the mosaic can easily be seen. Some vandal hacked out the central figure (? Head of Apollo) soon after the discovery. Fortunately a drawing had been made to scale on the spot by Mr. Ernest V. Collier, M.S.A., correct as to colour and even

OUR VILLAGES

to the number of tesserae. This drawing may be seen on a wall of the museum in the Market Square, Winchester. Tradition gives the name of Fairy Field to that in a corner of which the pavement was found. It is said that the plough-horses used invariably to come to a standstill when this spot was reached, as may be read in W. H.

Hudson's Adventures Among Birds.

On the outskirts of the 'village there is an old house overlooking the quiet valley which has a ghost story of an unusual kind attached to it. This was told to Mr. Hudson by a crony of the then parish clerk: a noteworthy and deliberate old fellow who, judging from his practice when alive, must stir in his coffin at the way in which services are hurried through in many churches nowadays. He just hated gabblers. To return to the ghost. This took the unusual form of a mighty gust of wind arising suddenly in a state of calm weather, and which died away into silence as soon as the house was reached. Again reference must be made to Adventures Among Birds for particulars. The whole story impresses the conviction that it was a case of the wicked fleeing when none was pursuing, for the narrator was stealing apples from an orchard at the time.

The strangest story is about the Manor House. 'They do say', a villager remarked to me, 'that there is an underground passage from the house to the Roman Villa'. We all know how, whenever a culvert or conduit or an innocent arched doorway to a cellar or vault is unearthed, there is immediate suspicion of a subterranean way, especially if there happen to be a castle or convent, old church or priory in the neighbourhood. This surmise, after repetition, soon becomes a definite assertion. But that a legend should arise, asserting a connection between a Roman Villa and a Queen Anne Manor House, whatever the predecessors of such house may have been, reaches the height of absurdity. And yet 'they say' such was the case. Our grandmothers used impatiently to exclain 'They Say' tells lies'.

The name of the parish presumably arose from the fact that the manor was held by the Abbey of St. Mary, Winchester, in the time of

Edward the Confessor and afterwards.

ABBOTSTONE appears to derive its name from Hyde Abbey, to which it was attached. The place, now, is merely a few letters on the map. The church has disappeared so completely that not a tombstone or churchyard boundary remains, and the very site has to be pointed out by someone to whom the knowledge has been handed

down. To keep this memory green, also doubtless for a better reason, a service is held on the reputed spot some time in each summer. That there was a church at the end of the Fourteenth Century and that it was dedicated to St. Peter is recorded. Also, the great wind of the 12th January, 1930, blew down trees here, and disclosed skeletons on what was the reputed churchyard. Furthermore, it was a rectory, and so superior to Itchen Stoke, to which vicarage it was subsequently attached. Abbotstone then became a mere hamlet to Itchen Stoke. How there could have been such complete demolition would be incredible if we did not remember such cases as that of King Alfred, and such shringes as Hyde Abbey.

At present Abbotstone consists of a farmhouse, a few cottages, a mill and many acres of woods. All round the farmhouse may be detected the foundations of a very much larger building. The

Victoria County History says:

Pavey, writing in 1719, describes the then existing house at Abbotstone as a large noble brick house edged with stone, built by the Duke of Bolton for a convenient hawking seat, of which sport he was a great admirer, in allusion whereof he caused two vast large lawkes to be fix'd on the top of two banquetting houses just before the entrance into the house. There are above one hundred rooms in the house, in one of which, adorned with curious fretwork, the Duke of Bolton had the honour to entertain Queen Anne. This house, however, was left unfinished, and was finally supplanted by Hackwood as the chief seat of the family.

To the house at Hackwood, between 1759 and 1765, the Duke of Bolton brought some 'fine old panelling' from Abbotstone. 'Old panelling', note. This may have been saved from a previous house on the site of the hawking lodge; or, with equal likelihood, it may have been taken from the church. As none remain, one may wonder whether the very grave-stones were taken to pave the courts at Hackwood.

The Dukes of Bolton, by the way, took their titles from Bolton in Wensleydale. If the tourist in Yorkshire continues his walk westwards from Leyburn Shawl he will soon come to the Queen's Gap, and further on to Bolton Castle, in which Mary Queen of Scots was held prisoner for about two years, and from which she made a temporary

escape.

Coming nearer home, if the pedestrian takes the avenue on the Lady-Cross side of Itchen Stoke, along the west side of the valley well above the Candover Stream, and on, past a long high cowslip-covered bank, he will come at length to a mill; and he may be lucky enough

OUR VILLAGES

to find it working, as the writer did on a recent occasion. This is the most ancient monument in Abbotstone to-day, for it was grinding corn when Domesday Book was written.

ITCHEN STOKE, is memorable because of a man, and another church of copied architecture. The ancient building occupied a site near the river, where its churchyard with tombstones and yew trees may still be seen. The new church stands on higher ground by the roadside. Its model was that of Sainte Chapelle, at Paris, in the Courtyard of the Palais de Justice. This church has been described as 'perhaps the most beautiful example of Gothic architecture in the world'. Sainte Chapelle was built (1242-7) to house the Crown of Thorns which Saint Louis brought home from the Crusades. When the church became secularised the relic was taken to Notre Dame, where it is exhibited every Good Friday, and its glass case presented by a priest to be kissed by rows, and succeeding rows, of worshippers.

The man to be had in remembrance in this parish is Richard Chenevix Trench, who was appointed to the vicarage of Itchen Stoke with the rectory of Abbotstone, in 1844, and who left it in 1863 to become Archbishop of Dublin. Divine and poet as he was, he is best remembered by his Study of Words, and English Past and Present, both of which were written in the quiet vicarage of Itchen Stoke: the former in 1851 and the latter in 1855. The Study of Words is well known and valued by students of the English language, and is vastly more interesting than such books usually are. It consists of a series of six lectures addressed originally to the pupils at the Winchester Diocesan Training School. English, Past and Present, is also a recast of four lectures to the pupils of King's College School, London. This book is on much the same lines as the former.

Itchen Stoke was held by Romsey Abbey up to the time of the dissolution of the monastic houses.

OVINGTON. If that country is happy which has no history, Ovington, among the parishes, most nearly approaches that desirable state. It has one distinction however. It reminds us of Pharoah's lean kine. We have seen how the vicarage of Itchen Stoke took in the rectory of Abbotstone, and now Ovington has swallowed up both. This combining of parishes goes steadily on. The practice, like Freedom,

From precedent to precedent.

Parsons and parishioners alike are wondering where it will end.

The church, again, is a rebuilt one; and it occupies a site close by that of the old, some vestiges of which are still to be seen.

The prettiest bit of the Itchen is that between the hand-rail bridge at Itchen Stoke and a similar one near the Bush Inn at Ovington. After enjoying this little walk, and loitering on the bridges to watch the trout and water birds, it used to be a pleasure to saunter up the village street to observe the peacocks flaunting their plumes on the wall of Ovington Park. That, alas! is a glory which has departed. The peacock has one great defect—its screech, which, it is supposed, could not be borne.

One distinction of the parish has been mentioned. It possesses another—a material one. The only remaining stretch of the canal which Bishop de Lucy made to connect up Alresford with Winchester and Southampton, by means of barges or flat-bottomed boats, lies in this parish. In one portion of this waterway, if the visitor goes at the right time, he may see February Fair Maids massed on the far bank like a veritable snowdrift.

The fragment of history that remains—or rather two fragments—must not be overlooked. One is that Ovington owned half a mill when the Domesday Survey was made. One knows of half-crowns and half-sovereigns. But half a mill! Well, the half was worth seven shillings, so Ovington even at this date was better off than Abbotstone in 1285, when the whole manor was disposed of at the rent of a sparrow hawk.

The other historical fact is, that two acres of land in the parish, in which the church was interested, got so mixed up with the rest that they could not be identified; and the impropriator had to settle the matter by paying 40/- yearly into the Churchwardens' Account. A wanderer up Rodfield Lane, and beyond, will find, after passing Ovington Down Farm and Cottages, not a vestige of human habitation in sight. The wonder to him will be, not that Ovington should lose two acres, but that the parish itself does not get lost in these wilds. True, as the Winchester-Petersfield Road is approached, there lies Hog-Trough Farm in a dip of the down on the hither side of Temple Valley. But seen through field glasses from the bridle path, it appears to be derelict. There has been no attempt at a garden or any cultivation. The turf of the downland goes up to the very doorstep.

OUR VILLAGES

AVINGTON. From Ovington to Avington. How musical these 'ings' and 'tons' with 'holts' and 'holms' and 'worths' sound in English ears! Thus, in Charlotte Bronte's artistry 'Mists as chill as death... rolled down ing and holm till they blended with the frozen fog of the beck'. Miss Bronte's home was the hillside parsonage at Haworth, with Oakworth and the Worth Valley below, reminding us foreibly of our own Worthys.

Once more, the church is a rebuilt one. Its great feature is that it records a fashion in furniture. The pews are of Spanish mahogany, and were put in (1768-70) when English oak was being superceded by that much more valued foreign wood.

On the north wall of the nave of Winchester Cathedral there is a whimsical monument to 'Two Brothers of Avington'. It recites an astonishing number of parallels and coincidences. At the base there is the advice, 'Should you go to Avington visit the chancel'. The advice is no longer good, as all records of the family perished with the old church.

The Park is Avington's glory. It is described by Cobbett in his Rural Rides as 'one of the very prettiest spots in the world'. Winchester residents are very fortunate in being able to walk or drive through this pleasant domain. Great gatherings of water-birds—duck, gull, coot, moor-hen and dabchick—may be observed on the lake near the house. Mistletoe may be seen hanging in big clusters on the limes; occasionally squirrels may be spied sporting in the beeches; while in its season, the wild cherry makes a lovely picture near the saw-mill.

A most interesting thing concerning this parish is W. H. Hudson's statement about ravens. 'The last pair of birds that bred inland, on trees, were the Avington Ravens'. They were observed up to about the year 1885. One bird had often been shot, but the survivor always soon returned with a mate; but this time both the birds were killed and thereafter the spot was deserted. The 'Ravens' Clump' is still flourishing: on the other hand, 'Gospel Oak', under which St. Augustine is believed to have preached, is now rotting in its hoops guarded by an iron palisade. Dean Kitchen thought it probable that this tree, with its fellows in Hempage Wood, which were taken by Bishop Wakelin to form the rafters of his cathedral, were living trees at the time the Romans were in occupation.

That this fair scene has its shady side, is known to those who remember that Avington House became the home of the 'wanton Shrewsbury', who, according to Pepys, looked on disguised as a page, while her husband was slain by George Villiers. The scene of the duel, however, was not at Avington, but near to Barn Elms, Herts. But it was at Avington House, as guests of Lady Shrewsbury (who had married into the Brydges family) that Charles II and his favourite Neil Gwyn often resided while Winchester Palace was a-building. The chamber of the latter in the old house used to be pointed out to visitors. Portions of this older house can be identified, it is said, in the present building.

Avington Manor was not acquired by the Shelley family until

1848.

EASTON. Having crossed Avington's delightful park, one comes to quiet, secluded, almost tree-hidden Easton. In this little village, one of the big questions of ecclesiastical history is raised, the question being no less than the validity of Anglican Orders. But please enter the church first, which, unlike the others mentioned above, is not a rebuilt, although a restored edifice. Its Norman and Early English remains, however, are overpowered in interest before the mural tablet to Agatha, the relict of William Barlow, whose five daughters became the wives of five bishops, and whose husband, the said William Barlow, was himself a bishop four times over. A fine example of a scheming mama one is inclined to think. That she herself was well matched, the following brief statement will show. Agatha was originally a nun, and William an Augustinian monk of St. Osyth in Essex; the monk afterwards becoming the prior of the canons of his order at Bisham in Berks. He lived in the tumultuous times of Henry VIII and had a quick eye for the main chance. When the dissolution of the monasteries came about he promptly surrendered his house. Not only so, but he employed himself in persuading other priors and abbots to do the same. Moreover, he was an active agent in promoting the King's divorce, and thus became a favourite both with the King and Anne Boleyn. Being a 'trusty and well-beloved servant', as the parchments run, of the sovereign, he was entrusted with a political mission to Scotland, and during his absence was appointed Bishop of St. Asaph in 1535. Before returning, he heard of a more lucrative see, and managed to get translated to St. David's.

In a book by Arthur S. Barnes, Domestic Prelate to H.H. Benedict XV, it is contended that, in the confusion and hurry of the

OUR VILLAGES

times, William was never consecrated. Be that as it may, his record at St. David's was of the worst, alienating most of the revenues and even stripping the roof of the palace for the sake of the lead. He prospered, however, and was translated to Bath and Wells in 1547. Thereafter, misfortune for a while in exile, in Queen Mary's reign. With the advent of Elizabeth his sun shone again and he was made Bishop of Chichester in 1559 and 'first prebendary of the first stall in the collegiate church of Westminster which dignity he held for four years with his bishopric'. (Duthy.)

Mention has been made of five daughters. There were also 'too sonnes', John and William. What became of John we do not know, but William became 'Person of this church (Easton) and a prebendary of Winchester'.

A suitable text could no doubt be found to head the memorial tablet of this very clerical family. The one actually inscribed there is 'The Righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance'.

Now for the historical question:

Cardinal Pole having conveniently died four days before Queen Mary, Matthew Prior was consecrated in the chapel of Lambeth Palace. By whom was Parker consecrated? By William Barlow, a former bishop of St. Asaph, of St. David's, of Bath and Wells, and now about to be translated, for the third time of asking, to Chichester.

There is no evidence producible of Barlow having been consecrated, although there are said to be thirteen places in which documentary evidence might be expected to be found. If Barlow was not consecrated, 'was Parker ever consecrated, and if Parker was not consecrated, what becomes of the orders of the Anglican Clergy who trace their succession through bishops on whom he laid his archiepiscopal hands?

For a criticism of the Domestic Prelate's book reference may be made to *The Secret of Barlow* in Augustine Birrell's Essays of *To-day* and *Yesterday*.

To those who attach importance to letter and form rather than to spirit and intention, this will appear to be a big question to be raised in such a little place.

MARTYR WORTHY lies on the opposite bank of the Itchen, and is reached either by road, or more directly for the pedestrian, across a field at the east side of the village, and over another of those

wooden hand-rail bridges which so tempt one to linger and watch the swaying emerald green water herbage. Who the 'martyr' was is

'wrop in mystery'.

Like that of Easton, the church is old, picturesque and wholly in keeping with the lowly thatched cottages near to it. Into such churches one is constrained to enter. The more imposing churches, which have in so many instances supplanted these humble shrines, are cold and forbidding in comparison. Again, like Easton, Martyr Worthy attracts by persons rather than by things. T. C. Ellison-Erwood in The Pilgrim's Road writes: 'The church is commonly supposed to contain the tomb of the old sea-dog, Sir Chaloner Ogle, the same who slew the pirate Roberts 'off the coast of High Barbare-ee'. The knight is, however, buried in the Cathedral at Winchester. The explanation of this last fact is given by Canon John Vanghan in Winchester Cathedral, Its Monuments and Memorials.

'For the last thirty years of the Eighteenth Century Dr. Newton Ogle was Dean of the Cathedral'. First his daughter, and then his wife's father, were buried here. 'The position of Dr. Ogle as Dean of Winchester, doubtless accounts for other members of the same

family being buried in the Cathedral'.

It is not of Chaloner Ogle, however, that one is tempted to write here, but of two others of the parish—one notorious, and the other distinguished, if not celebrated. Quoting the Victoria County History, the former 'Paul Clapham, vicar of Martyr Worthy in 1639, was charged with defrauding the parishioners by compounding with excommunicated persons. Other accusations were brought against him, one being "that he thought it lawful for a man to have as many wives as his estate would keep".

For a memorial of the distinguished parishioner one must look for a brass tablet on the wall of the church immediately opposite to the entrance. After the text heading, 'Work your work betimes and

in His time he will give you your reward', it reads :

To the beloved memory of M. E. Bishop. In her youth of this parish. Later, Head-mistress of the Chelsea High School, Head-mistress of the Oxford High School, First Principal of the Royal Holloway College, First Principal of St. Gabriel's College.

She died working July 1913.

This tablet is placed by three Oxford friends who owe her much.

Miss Bishop was the daughter of the Rev. A. C. Bishop, who, after his wife's death, exchanged livings with the Rector of Bramdean.

OUR VILLAGES

The quaint tower of this St. Swithun's Church was, in accordance with common practice, originally shingled, no doubt partly for reasons of economy. Recently this wooden roofing was found to be warped, denatured and no longer weatherproof. The shingles were replaced by tiles, as the former now would have cost £100 more.

On the opposite side of the lane from the church is a field path leading through Chilland, crossing the old avenue described by W. H. Hudson in *Hampshire Days*, and ending at Itchen Abbas, where our tour began.

What a wealth of interest must lie comparatively hidden throughout the country when half a dozen obscure parishes like these can yield so much!

J. W. LINDLEY.



THE STOUR IN DO'SET by P. T. Freeman

I'VE zeed en in his ev'ry mood—
In zun, in win', at work, at play,
I've follered en drough many a wood
Or drough zweet vields o' new-cut hay.
In winter's wet,
Or zummer's het.

Or zummer's het, He always be a vriend.

In spring he d'bear upon his breast The bud-sceäles vrom the dippèn trees, An' vloods do rouse en vrom his rest An' meäke en drown the patient leäse.

Days mid be drear, But zummer's near, Vur zoo do say my vriend.

An' zoon do bloom all down his ways The goolden clote, an' zedge, an' rush, An' flags do zet his banks ableaze An' overhead dog-rose do blush.

An' zoo I be, As gay as he, My wold light-heärted vriend.

An' then, in Fall, I d'zee they maïds Tryèn to païnt—do raft I zoo! Vur n'ar a païnt-box had the sheädes O' yollows, brown, and goold he d'show. They doän't know he

Lik' I, look zee, Vur well I d'know my vriend.

In winter, when the withy's head Be leafless, an' the dyen year Do weäkly shine on 's murmuren bed, He still do speäk, an' I do hear. While years goo by,

Till I do die, He'll always be a vriend.

LARMER TREE

THE Larmer Tree Grounds are on the borders of Wiltshire and Dorset in the tract of country known as Cranborne Chase. The Tree itself was a witch-hazel under which King John used to meet his huntsmen, when staying in his hunting-box in the neighbouring village of Tollard Royal. All that remains of the tree itself is a piece of its bark, chained for support to a younger tree which has grown up in its place. The site is undoubtedly ancient, and the name 'Larmer' provides food for the speculations of philologists. The derivation given officially is that of William Barnes, the Dorset poet and philologist; that 'mere' signifies the boundary between Wiltshire and Dorset, comparable to the town of Mere on the same border. It was suggested to me recently, however, that the name means nothing more than 'the lowering or gloomy mere'. There certainly is a pool within a few paces of the tree.

The Grounds are called 'pleasure-grounds', and have been open to the public for half a century. Their chief interest, however, in my opinion, is not in themselves, nor in their history, but in the position they have occupied in Wessex life, and in the almost legendary person

who constructed them.

The Crounds form part of the estate of the Pitt-Rivers family; they were laid out towards the end of the last century by General Augustus Fox Lane Pitt-Rivers, who is remembered locally as 'the old general'. General Pitt-Rivers was an ethnologist and explorer who made a valuable collection, now housed in a private museum. The General must have been a peculiar man. Although he is still remembered by most of the older people in the district, he has become already a traditional figure rather than a historical character, and some of the stories told of him can be only distantly related to the truth.

Those who remember him say that the General was 'a fine, tall man, with an eye like a hawk'. He was apparently inclined to be rough and outspoken: 'they say he swore something terrible'. According to Wessex tradition, he lost his toes by frost-bite, and had to wear weights in his boots in order to stand upright. The older people in the neighbourhood say that he was 'an atheist', because he encouraged the villagers to spend their Sundays in the pleasure-

grounds. The proof of the General's 'atheism' was seen at his death, for, instead of being buried, he was cremated; his ashes are

in a coffer in a nitch in the wall of Tollard Royal church.

Although the General was exceptional in the encouragement he gave to Sunday pastimes, he was strictly Victorian in his ideas of decorum. He expected the children on his estate to stand cap in hand when his carriage passed by. Any failure to do so was noted, and the offending child's parent severely reprimanded. His wife, too, seems to have been equally blunt in her behaviour; when visiting any of her tenants, she walked straight into the house and even upstairs without waiting for any invitation. It is said that she used to visit the schools and question the children as to the food they received at home. Her motive was not the welfare of the children, but to discover, if the child should mention 'pheasant' or 'partridge', whether the parents had been poaching.

The villagers failed to understand the General, because he did surrounding his house reveals none of the tidiness typical of well-kept country-seats. He let the trees grow without trimming. There are hazel trees there of a tremendous size: 'so that they are no good for hurdle-making, or anything else. The General liked everything that was old'. Probably the General's idea was to preserve a piece of Cranborne Chase, just as it has been for perhaps two thousand years. The General kept a yak in his private park. When he died it was removed. During the removal it blinded one of the men with its horn, and this gentleman, who has reason to remember the General's

vak, lives in Shaftesbury to this day.

"So popular were the Larmer Tree Grounds 'in the General's time' that there were often more than a hundred horses tethered there, and each horse was given a free feed of corn. If we consider that the Grounds were ten miles from the nearest railway station, the attendance was surprisingly large. They provided a centre for Sunday outings for a wide area in the days when the motor was unknown. My grandfather used to drive a pony from Tisbury, some ten miles distant. To entertain visitors the General provided a brass band, stage entertainments and such games as skittles. He also made the 'new road', well over two miles in length, in order to save the horses several miles of their journey towards Blandford. This 'new road' is the most beautiful of all the General's constructions; it is flanked by a magnificent double avenue of trees and runs through

LARMER TREE

extensive woods. It is not open to modern traffic, but to the walker it offers the most pleasant approach to the Grounds. In the spring the woods on either side of the road are vividly coloured by masses of primroses and blue-bells; in the autumn the trees are loaded with hazel nuts.

Although the entertainments ceased some thirty years ago, they are still clearly remembered, and have made a deeper impression on the minds of the older people than any modern Sunday amusements. Their fame is probably due to their being so unusual in Victorian village life. The General must have been one of the first to encourage

the 'brighter Sunday'.

The Grounds themselves are disappointing. Except in the brightest sunshine they are stagnant, dark and gloomy. Near the entrance is a bronze statue known as 'the little hunter'; it depicts the prehistoric man mounted on his shaggy pony, and it is the most fitting memorial to General Pitt-Rivers, who spent much of his time excavating the prehistoric remains which are so abundant in this district. The rest of the Grounds contains pavilions from Burma and elsewhere, a replica of a classical temple to the sun, and various walks and summer-houses. Everything seems neglected and lacking life; the bandstand and the theatre are never used. The last time I saw the skittle-alley it was half buried in fallen leaves. There is no 'entertainment' now, except a very loud gramophone which occasionally plays popular records, if there are enough trippers.

It is difficult to realise that these Grounds were ever the scene of much merriment; their chief merit now is their very pleasant surroundings. They are a memorial, not to the General Pitt-Rivers who founded a valuable museum, but to the 'old general', a peculiar benevolent despot, one of those men who does not seem typical of the age to which we rather rashly give the generalising label of 'Victorian'. I sincerely hope that they will not be 'developed', but that they will be forgotten by everyone, except those in the district who remember 'the old general', not so much with gratitude, as with awe

and amazement.

J. V. RUFFELL.

CRANBORNE CHASE by R. J. D. Belgrave

TEAR to the Roman camp we pitched our tents Where proud young men once rested, Eagles in war, conquerors, Strong to adventure far and win renown; Near to the grassy bank that marks their toil We lived for three swift days In the sure harmony of Nature's arms. Round us lay Cranborne Chase; Acres of lonely wooded peace, Peopled by rabbits, badgers, and foxes Whose gruff harsh bark we heard at night; Peopled by pheasants and raucous jays, By pigeons and shy woodpeckers. Ancient even in Roman days, with oak and ash, Hazel and thorn, mile on unviolated mile. Close to our camp, a cottage, Whose very name was full of mistletoe magic, ' Badger's Glory', deep in the woods, Thatched, and remote, unseen; Goal of a dozen grassy rides, Lapped in the oak-woods' spell. There we were happy: Life attained once more its true harmony, Cooking our food over wood-fire, Sleeping on Earth's hard bed, Happy we were, and nearer to knowledge of Beauty.

REVIEWS

MAP OF NEOLITHIC WESSEX, showing the Distribution of Long Barrows, Circles, Habitation Sites, Flint Mines. Scale, 4 miles to 1 inch. The Ordnance Survey, Southamblon. 3/6.

This map is published in the form of a demi 870, pamphlet, with a Foreword by Director-General, followed by 15 pages of lucid introduction, two figures (the Lacock Roads, and the Frome Roads), and 18 pages of schedule giving particulars of each site plotted on the Map, and numbered from 1 to 187; after which comes the folded Map. When unfolded it measures 2 feet 3 inches from east to west, and 1 foot 6 inches from north to south, and includes land surface of 108 miles from east to west, and of about 56 miles from north to south, showing the whole of Hampshire, the Isle of Wight, Wiltshire and Dorset, and almost all of Somerset, with small portions of the adjoining counties.

The Land is contoured in brown outline from 200 feet above the sea, in solid pale brown from 400 feet, the brown getting darker at each rise of 200 feet—up to 1/000 feet. Forests are indicated by green tree conventions. Marsh land by blue tussock conventions. Rivers and sea-soundings by blue lines, and sea by solid plae blue. The Distribution of Neolithic sites is shown by black symbols that are explained on the bottom margin of the Map. The legibility of the sites thus shown is excellent, and the whole Map is admirable in colour effect, but the underprinting of modern placenames, etc., is rather to pole. They are hardly discernable.

Much field work, and excavation, done by many archæologists over long time, have been needed to make possible the production of this Neolithic Map.

In the early years of the nineteenth century Sir Richard Colt Hoare was indefatigable in his survey of ancient earthworks throughout Wiltshire; in mid-Victorian times, Dr. John Thurnam made special study of Wiltshire barrows, and Rev. A. C. Smith, of the down-land Antiquities around MarIborough; while in the latter years of the Nineteenth Century General Pitt-Rivers established classic standards of excavation on Cranbonne Chase earthworks, and completely excavated Word-barrow—the only Long Barrow that has been thus excavated in this district. More recently, the opening years of the Twentieth Century have supplied much additional Nocithtic knowledge—helped by new methods, such as scientific excavation, air-photography, pottery and relic dating.

The last columns on the schedule pages give bibliographical references to each numbered site, and the numerous contributors referred to in such columns, and also in the Foreword, confirm the statement above—as to the multiple aid needed to produce such a Map.

Besides making additions to the Nineteenth Century records of Long Barrows, the Twentieth Century record has identified Neolithic Habitation sites, surrounded by ditches interrupted by passage entrances, at Knap Hill (33) and at Windmill Hill (15), and, without published record, at Robin Hood's Ball (83) and at Broom Hill, Michel

mersh (46), Woodhenges, at Woodhenge (70), and at the Sanctuary (21), Flint Mines, at Martin's Clump (56a) and at Easton Down (57).

For convenient study of this Map, it should be unfolded on a bare table-top beside a window, with the reader sitting so that light falls from left to right on his or her map-look.

Beginning on the top north side, the first cluster of Long Barrows will be found on the western high-lands of the Marlborough Downs, 400 feet and above, 16 stand around Avebury, Windmill Hill, and the Sanctuary. Beneath the Marlborough Downs, on the south, lies the wide Pewsey vale below 400 feet, where we find only one ruined Neolithic site-Marden Earthen circle. Farther west, Neolithic sites are scattered on the highlands, 400 feet and above; on the Mendip Hills they have probably suffered loss from prolonged mining activities, etc., while the great stretches of Marsh lands and Forests in Somerset seem to have been avoided. Then we come to Salisbury Plain, on which the larger number of Long Barrows stand on land 400 feet and above. They are clustered, 16 in number, from Tilshead Lodge (88) to Ann Hill (106), and again, but fewer, near the Neolithic Habitation site of Robin Hood's Ball (83). There is only one cluster of Long Barrows on Salisbury Plain below 400 feet, i.e., nine near Stonehenge and Woodhenge. It is noticeable that the rolling chalk uplands below 400 feet both in Wilts, in the Andover district and throughout Hampshire show few Neolithic sites; while throughout Hampshire and Dorset there are none on Testiary soil. Proceeding south-west we come to Cranborne Chase, an area of about 20 miles in length from the Avon to the Stour, and from 12 to 15 miles in width. This area-with the exception of an outlier, Pentridge Down (600 feet)consists of rolling chalk uplands below 400 feet, bounded on the north by the highland chalk escarpment of the Oredrove Ridgeway that rises from 400 feet to 900 feet on Win Green; and still farther north, across the Ebble, by the 'Ten Mile Course' ridgeway, that rises from 400 feet to 790 feet on White Sheet Hill. Within this area the rolling chalk uplands below 400 feet were principally chosen for Neolithic sites; 25 Long Barrows are scattered thereon, and four Earthen circles (three of which are under cultivation) may be found at Knowlton, beside the Allen; only six Long Barrows stand on land 400 feet and above within the Cranborne Chase area.

Proceeding farther south-west, from the Stour to the Frome, a distance of about 15 miles, we find a curious cessation of Neolithic sites, although the soil and the lie of the land are similar to that on Cranborne Chase where Neolithic sites are abundant. Only two Long Barrows stand here on land below 400 feet, and one on land 400 feet and above.

Then, after crossing the Frome, there is an abrupt change of site choice, 11 Long Barrows clustering on the highlands 400 feet and above, around the Stone circles of Kingston Russell (141) and Nine Stones (149).

The reader who 'asks for more' on the northern confines of this Map, may be referred to 'Ordnance Survey Professional Papers, New Series, No. 6. 'The Long Barrows and Stone Circles in the Cotswolds and the Welsh Marches', by O. G. S. Crawford, 1922. 4/6 net. And to 'The Long Barrows of the Cotswolds', by the same author—246 p.p., with large folding map. 1995. [John Belloes, Gloucester.]

HEYWOOD SUMNER.

REVIEWS

THE STORY OF WINCHESTER (Mediæval Towns Series), by W. LLOYD WOOD-LAND. Dent & Son. 5/6 net.



Most travellers have an affection for the little grey volumes of this admirable series, and it is a pleasure to notice the inclusion among 'Mediæval Towns' of one of the most interesting of such, Winchester. The story of an English Cathedral town differs widely from that of the majority of towns in this series, which were often for long periods independent states. The relation of the bishop to his town has marked peculiarities in England, arising partly from the conditions under which work of the evangelisation was carried out among the pagan Saxons and partly from the Conqueror's policy of introducing foreign monastic foundations. A bishop's cathedral church, which was also that of a great monastery, was rare indeed in the rest of Catholic Europe, but here some of the wealthiest and most influential bishops were heads of communities of regulars. Of these, Winchester was from early times one of the most important. But also it was a 'King's Town' until comparatively modern times.

The author brings a wealth of curious and interesting details to illustrate the effect of this dual authority on the life of the town, and succeeds in giving a most lively picture of its conditions from age to age. This concentration on the purely local aspects of what is in some respects the history of England has enabled him to include fascinating and illuminating items often passed over in more extensive volumes—for example, Bishop Edington's pathetic and beautiful Pastoral Letter on the approach of the Black Death and the curious quarred over plague burials, which illustrates the antagonism between convent and town which is so much more marked a feature of town life in England than abroad. It is pleasant to learn, in the account of prison conditions early last century, that Winchester College felt itself responsible for the unfortunate to the extent of a very substantial weekly grant of food to the prisoners. At that time the Government provided merely bread and water. But the statement that as late as 1819 a woman was burned alive in Winchester for husband murder seems incredible. The reviewer's grandfather witnessed the last public execution in Nottingham, but so late a survival of the barbarity of burning seems impossible.

Two small errors may be noted. The Confessor's luckless widow Edith, who must have written a revealing treatise on the difficulties of the wife of a saint, was not a Norman, and our last English Cardinal Gasquet should not be called Abbe, but as correctly in the bibliography, Abbot, as he was head of an English Benedictine monastery.

It is hardly necessary in an addition to so familiar a series to praise the handiness and practicability of the volume with its convenient map and pleasant grey cover that never shows dust. The illustration by line drawing is attractive and admirably chosen, though some of the vigour of Mr. de Priston's work is lost by the reproduction. The book should make a strong appeal to all who take more than a pertunctory interest in local history.

A. Trootr.

HESIOD, Works and Days, edited by T. A. SINCLAIR, M.A. Macmillan & Co., 1932. 10/6 net.

By the publication of this volume Mr. Sinclair fills a real gap in classical scholarship in this country. In view of the intrinsic interest of the poem it is remarkable that for a full commentary in English on the 'Works and Days' we have to go back fifty years to the edition of Paley, upon which most of us were brought up. It is true that good work has been done on Hesiod by British scholars in the translations and notes of the late Professor Mair and of H. G. Evelyn White, whose premature death was a great loss in this field, but it has remained for Mr. Sinclair to do for English scholarship what has been done for the French and Germans by Mazon and Wilamowitz Moellendorf respectively. A full English edition was indeed overdue. Since Paley's time much new material has accumulated, and new light has been thrown on the old. By the work of A. Rzach at the turn of the century the manuscripts of Hesiod were for the first time systematically examined and classified, and fragments of papyrus which have come to light from time to time contain points of interest, although in the case of Hesiod as with other authors they tend to show the general excellence of our manuscripts. The most interesting variant is perhaps the addition of four further spurious lines after 1,169, which had itself long been known to be interpolated. It is now plain that it is to these lines, which Henri Weil restored from their fragmentary condition with great ingenuity, that Proclus applied the epithet φληναφώδεις, and not to lines 170-173, as had sometimes been supposed. Apart, however, from actual additions to our knowledge and points of detailed interpretation, the whole attitude of criticism in reference to such a poem as the 'Works and Days has changed radically since Paley's time. Most illuminating is the comparison which Mr. Sinclair works out in some detail between such compositions as the Epistles of Horace and the poem of Hesiod. His remarks in this connection on the autobiographical element in both works illustrate the changed point of view of modern scholarship, which tends with Hesiod, as with the Homeric poems, to stress the unity of the works which have come down to us.

'Everyone believes what Horace says of his own life, but there have been some who thought that the unfortunate Hesiod lived so long ago that he cannot really have been sure of the facts himself. He did think his father had come from Asia and settled in Ascra, and he knew very well what an unpleasant spot it was; at any rate he was quite sure that he lived somewhere, but there are modern critics who know better than to believe even that. Yet as a matter of fact we know more about the life of Hesiod than we do about that of Thucydides or

Lucretius'.

REVIEWS

It is true, however, that unity of composition can more easily be maintained for at any rate the 'Works' section of the 'Works and Days' than for the whole corpus of Hesiodic poetry, many fragments of which have been recovered in papyri finds in recent years. These writings many scholars would rather ascribe to an Hesiodic or

Boeotian school than to Hesiod himself.

In the case of the 'Works and Days', however, with which alone he is concerned, Mr. Sinclair is probably right in arguing against the arbitrary rejection of features which we do not question in the work of a later poet. 'Each of these elements', he says, after enumerating many points which Horace and Hesiod have in common in their method of writing, 'has been rejected by Olier Murray, who thinks that Perses did not exist, the narrative element by Kirchoff, who thinks that Perses did not exist, the narrative element by Kirchoff, who thinks that Perses existed but little else besides, the fable and much of the gnomic part by Gettling, all manner of things indiscriminately by Paley, part of the autobiography by Rzach. Yet all these diverse elements, as we now see, far from being proof of interpolation or composite authorship, are simply the well-known marks of the didactic epistle in verse. Quite naturally then the ''Works and Days' may take its place in literature under this this heading, not a very high place perhaps, but still a place in literature, not in the dissecting-room'.

Other interesting chapters deal with the background of the poem, with Hesiod as a prophet of Justice, and with the 'Days'. As an early book of traditional wisdom, Hesiod's poem offers innumerable opportunities for digression, and Mr. Sinclair has exercised an admirable restraint in keeping his commentary within reasonable limits. Nevertheless the reader will find in his pages much lore on a vast range of subjects, from cyclic theories of the universe to the ritual washing of the hands, or the dangers of paring one's nails at a time of feast. Mr. Sinclair is to be congratulated on a work which is likely to take its place as the standard English commentary on Hesiod's poem

for some time to come.

G. F. FORSEY.

AUSONIUS. The Mosella. E. H. Blakeney. King's Printers, Ltd., Edition. 1933. Price 16/-.

In this beautifully produced book Mr. Blakeney gives us the first complete verse translation into English of the Mosella, a poem which Dr. Mackail describes in his foreword as 'a landmark in letters'. Classical in form and language, the poem foreshadows much that we associate with later ages in its delicacy of description and its fine appreciation of natural beauty. Mr. Blakeney employs blank verse for his rendering, and handles it in a masterly fashion. The clear waters of the river reveal the varied bed below:

The furrowed sand is wrinkled by the tides That lightly stir; the grasses as they bend Quiver on their green beds; the tremulous plants Under their native fountains meekly brave The currents; pebbles play at hide and seek; And gravel-beds are starred with verdurous moss'.

In these lines the quiet elegance of the original is admirably reproduced, and the rendering, 'pebbles play at hide and seek', is very happy for lucetque latetque calculus.

WESSEX

The poet describes rod and line fishing:

The prey is hooked, and slantvise from the flood
The jad had flicked his prey. A hissing wind
Follows the blow, as when a lash is piled
And a wind whistles through the stricken air.
The dripping victims flounder on the rocks;
In terror of the sunlight's deadly rays
They quake; the fire that moved them while they lived
Down in their native element, expires
Beneath our sky; gasping, they yield up life.
Dull throbs go shuddering through their weakened frame;
The sluggish tail flaps in one final throe;
[Motths gape; the breath they drew returns again
In pantires linked with death'.

In addition to the text and verse translation on the opposite page, the book contains an introductory note on Ausonius, and a brief but Scholarly commentary, in which Mr. Blakeney reveals once more that wide familiarity with literature ancient and modern, which readers of his editions of the classics have learnt to expect from him. Last, but not least, the book is exquisitely produced, and is a delight to the eye with its spacious margins and elegant print. All students of poetry and lovers of fine books will be grateful to Mr. Blakeney for this edition of the Mosella C, G, F, FORSEY.

M. TULLI CICERONIS PRO M. CAELIO ORATIO. Edited by R. G. Austin, M.A. Oxford, Clarendon Press. 4/6.

M. TULLI CICERONIS PRO L. FLACCO ORATIO. Edited by T. B. L. Webster. Oxford, Clarendon Press. 4/6.

These two volumes are very welcome additions to the Clarendon Press series, in which certain of the spectors of Cicero are reprinted from the text of the Oxford Classical Series, and provided with introductions and commentary. Although for the sake of economy the texts are reprinted from the plates of the Classical Series, both these volumes contain new critical material, treated in introductory chapters or in the commentaries. Both the Pro Flacco and the Pro Caclio are speeches of great interest from the light which they throw upon manners in the Ciceronian age, and neither perhaps are as much read as they deserve to be. Through his well-known letters in the correspondence of Cicero, Caclius stands out as one of the most brilliant and interesting figures among the younger men at the close of the Republican age. His association with Clodia, which plays such an important part in this speech, forms a link with Catullus. Mr. Austin remarks that 'he owes his repute ... to a personality which distinguished him from his companions and made him the friend of a famous man and the enemy of an infamous woman'.

Mr. Webster's edition of the Pro Flacco is the result of his work as Derby scholar for 1928. The Pro Flacco is cited by Macrobius as an example of Ciecro's skill in managing a difficult case, and Flaccus was acquitted, he tells us, largely because of the jokes of Ciecro. As practor in the year of Ciecro's consulship, Flaccus had given strong support to the cause of the Senate in the Catilinarian affair, and Ciecro's speech in his defence has close connections with the leading events of the time.

These handy volumes, with their very useful commentaries, will be of great service to students of the history or literature of Rome, and should lead to the further study of these speeches.

G. F. FORSEY.

STUDENTS' UNION (1932-33)

T is not easy to estimate in a few paragraphs the influence and worth of the Union's activities during this last session, but in looking back one receives certain definite impressions of the general tenour of feeling and activity in the College. Above all things, there has been an enthusiastic response. For the past two years, those in command have had somewhat of a struggle to keep Union activities alive in the highest degree, but I think it is true to say that for 1932-33 there has been no such struggle. This year has been marked by vitality and keen interest, and it is to be hoped that the decrease in numbers next session will in no way result in a decrease of enthusiasm.

Thanks to the splendid gift of the Misses Sims, the new library will soon be in process of erection, and the College will be able to boast a library worthy of a University institution. Of importance also to the student body is the fact that pressure on existing accommodation will be relieved so that the dream of a mixed Common Room which the Union has long envisioned may materialise in the not-too-distant

future.

In considering the various activities of Union Societies, one cannot hope to deal

adequately with each: a brief survey of the outstanding events must suffice.

The Stage Society upheld if not increased its reputation by the production of Ashley Dukes' 'The Man with a Load of Mischief' in the Autumn Term, and the Play Reading Club has read to enthusiastic audiences plays of such varied authorship as 'Dear Brutus', 'Androcles and the Lion', 'Countess Cathleen', 'The First Mrs. Fraser', and one of the best plays of 1932, 'Musical Chairs'.

'The Mikado', this year's choice for the annual Gilbert and Sullivan production by the Choral and Orchestral Society, was brilliantly staged and produced, and was in all respects a presentation worthy of the Society. The Society is now preparing

for the Symphony Concert, when it will present 'The Banner of St. George'.

In previous accounts of the Union's activities, the lack of support accorded the Debating Society has been lamented not once but many times. Well, the old order has certainly changed, and this Society has shewn itself to have done perhaps the most stimulating work of all Union Societies. Debates have been held regularly throughout the session, at which women students have shewn as much interest (if less oratory) as the men students. The most noteworthy debate was the one on the motion that caused so great a stir at Oxford, namely, 'This House would in no circumstances fight for King and Country'.

Our internal activities have not served to limit our contact with other Universities. At the Inter-Varsity Debate, representatives were entertained by us from London, Cardiff, Bristol, Bangor and Nottingham; and through our association with the National Union of Students, we were able to entertain in the Autumn Term the Indian Debating Team which toured the English Universities. As last year in the Summer Term, an American Debating Team visited us, the delegates being Mr. Morris, of Texas, and Mr. Anderson, of Kansas. In spite of their beguiling speeches,

Non-Union Societies such as the Geographical Society, the League of Nations Society, the Student Christian Movement, the Political Club, the re-instated Conservative Association and the Rambling Club have all shewn signs of growth and progress

in their work throughout the session.

The Athletic side of College life has flourished, and although this is not the place for a detailed account of the various Clubs, mention must be made of the winning of the Southern Championship by the Association Football Club, and of the achievement of the Netball Club in gaining the Sussex and South Hants League Shield for the second time, and (3) of the success of Sports Day.

Much of the success of Union activities depend on the interest and help shewn by the Principal, the Registrar and other members of Staff, not only in administrative affairs but in the social and athletic side of College life : and to them thanks are due.

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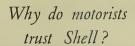
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INDEX.

CONTRIBUTORS.

Anderson, F. W., iii, 50.

Bain, A. Watson, ii, 25, 51. Lubbock, A., ii, 8. Belgrave, R. J. D., i, 53, 72, 75; iii, 28, 80. Lucas, W. I., ii, 69. Blakeney, E. H., i, 81; iii, 18. Brown, E. Martin, i, 73. Browne, The Hon. J. F. A., ii, 98.

Casson, R., i, 46; ii, 104. Cave-Browne-Cave, T. R., i, 15; ii, 89. Cawthorne, H. H., i; ii, 103. Chelmsford, Viscount, i, 43. Chichester, Lord Bishop of, i, 70. Cook, W. G. H., i, 20. Corban, W. B., ii, 34. Crawford, S. J., i, 105.

Darling, G. F., iii, 19. Dudley, G. C., i, 104.

Freeman, F. L., ii, 77. Freeman, P. T., i, 18; ii, 57, 83, 85, 102; Sanders, Ingalton, iii, 15. iii, 76. Forsey, G. F., iii, 84, 85, 86. Furley, J. S., i, 60.

Goodman, Canon A. W., ii, 28. Green, A. Romney, i, 79. Gurney Dixon, S., iii, 44.

Hacker, Mary, i, 19, 53. Harding, H., ii, 37. Hodgson, R. A., i,59, 96, 102, 103; ii, 33; Wentworth Sheilds, F. E., i, 9. iii, 40.

Lee, Monica, iii, 7.

Leishman, J. B., i, 27; ii, 26, 101. Lindley, J. W., i, 35; ii, 52; iii, 66. Lyttel, E. S., iii, 42.

Manley, W. B. L., ii, 40. Marshall, Dorothy, i, 100. Miller, F. C., i, 102; iii, 18. Mitchell, R. J., ii, 86.

Palmer, E. G., i, 97. Patchett, E. W., ii, 58. Phare, E. E., ii, 27. Pinto, V. de S., i, 76, 101, 106; ii, 16, 94, 100, 101; iii, 33. Pope, R. Martin, i, 98; ii, 91, 94, 99; iii, 41. Potter, S., iii, 57, 65.

Ruffell, I. V., iii, 77.

Schirmer, Walter F., iii, 45. Seeley, J. B., i, 6. Sherriffs, W. Rae, i, 28. Sumner, Heywood, iii, 81.

Tomlinson, A., ii, 95. Trout, A. M., iii, 83.

Vickers, K. H., i, 54; ii, 15.

Winchester, The Dean of, ii, 13. Wodehouse, Helen, iii, 29.

INDEX.

TITLES.

N.B .- Titles of Poems are in italics.

Adventure (Review), i, 100. Alfred of Wessex, iii, 57. Amnis Ibat, iii, 18. Annunciation, ii, 26. Anthony and Cleopatra, i, 96. Aubade, i, 59. Ausonius, The Mosella (Review), iii, 85.

Ballade to Our Lady, iii, 40. Biology, A Second (Review), ii, 102. Butterflies of the New Forest, ii, 40. Byrthnoth at Maldon, iii, 65.

Careers for Biologists, i, 43. S. Catharine's Hill, ii, 28. Centaurs, Flight of, ii, 33. Childhood, i, 27. Church and Religious Drama, The, i, 70.

iii, 86. Civic Survey, The Southampton (Review), i, 102.

Clouds avore the Moon, ii, 85. College Bagman, ii, 95, Coleridge, Selections from (Review), ii, 100. Man and Man, i, 19. Cranborne Chase, iii, 80. Crawford, Samuel John, ii, 91.

Domestic Life in the Fourteenth Century, Nature Asleep, ii, 25.

Dorset Dialect, Two Poems in, i, 18.

i, 103. Elements of the Law of Contract (Review), Our Villages, iii, 66. ii, 104.

Engineering Development, Our, i, 15. Engineering, Progress in, ii, 89. Epitaph on a Scholar, ii, 94. Except for One Lapse, i, 46.

Experiment, i, 53. Fear and Be Slain (Review), ii, 98. Fighting Kings of Wessex (Review), i, 105. Flight of Centaurs, ii, 33.

Furry Folk and Fairies (Review), ii, 103.

Goethe and his English Visitors, ii, 69.

Greek Language, The, ii, 99. Hardy, Thomas, and Dorchester, ii, 37.

Hardy, Thomas, Later Years of (Review). i, 101.

Herbert, George, After Three Hundred Years, iii, 33.

Hesiod (Review), iii, 84. Highways and Byways in Thomas Hardy's Wessex (Review), i, 106.

Hudson in Hampshire, With, i, 35. Humanism, Beginnings of English, iii, 45.

Idea, i, 75.

Johnson, Lionel, An Appreciation, ii, 16.

Ciceronis, M. Tulli, Orationis (Review), Keble, John, and the Oxford Movement,

Larmer Tree, iii, 17. Leaf, The, iii, 28.

Midnight Drive, i, 79. Milton in 1660, iii, 7.

Neolithic Wessex, Map of, iii, 81. New Hall, Swaythling, ii, 8.

Economics of Modern Industry (Review), Oldest Map of Southampton, The, iii, 8. Old Man of Verona, iii, 41.

> Paradise Regained (Review), ii, 100. Poplar, A, 83. Publications, Recent, by Members of the Staff of University College, South-

> ampton, ii, 105. Public System of Education in Southampton, ii, 77.

Rabbinic Literature and Gospel Teaching (Review), i, 98.

INDEX.

TITLES-cont.

Religious Drama in a Wessex Diocese, i, 73. Theodore Winton, In Memoriam, ii, 15. Romsey Abbey, ii, 34.

Science in Education (Review), i, 104. Seaplanes, The Design of High Speed, ii,86. Shelley, Selection from (Review), ii, 101. Sirens. The Song of the, ii, 51. Southampton Civic Centre, The, iii, 15.

Southampton Dock Extensions, The, i, 9. Southampton, Streets and Roads of, iii, 19. Way of Imperfection, The, iii, 29. Sonnet, iii, 44. Spirit Mocking Man, The, i, 53. Students' Union, The, i, 97; ii, 97; iii, 87. Stour, The, in Dorset, ii, 51. Suburbiad, The, i, 76. Success, i, 72. Sylph, The, ii, 27.

Talks with Physicists, ii, 58.

University College, Southampton, A Survey, i, 1; ii, 1; iii, 1.

Vatnajökull, Over the, iii, 50. Vlower Show Day, ii, 57. Virgil, i, 81. Vision, The, iii, 49.

Wentworth-Sheilds, F. E., i, 8. Wessex, Alfred of, iii, 57. Wessex, The High Mission of the University of, i, 6. Wessex and the English Law, i, 20.

White, Gilbert, as Zoologist, i, 28. Winchester Cathedral, ii, 13. Winchester, Mills of, in the Middle Ages,

Winchester. The Story of (Review), iii, 83.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Portland Terrace (Pencil Drawing by Joyce Withycombe). Facing iii, 1.

Romsey Abbey (Photograph of Painting by L. Campbell Taylor, R.A.). Facing ii, 34.

Southampton: The Civic Centre (Photographs). Facing iii, 16. Southampton: The Dock Scheme (Map). Facing i, 10.

Southampton, Oldest Map of. Facing iii, 8.

University College, Southampton, New Hall (Photographs). Facing ii, 10.

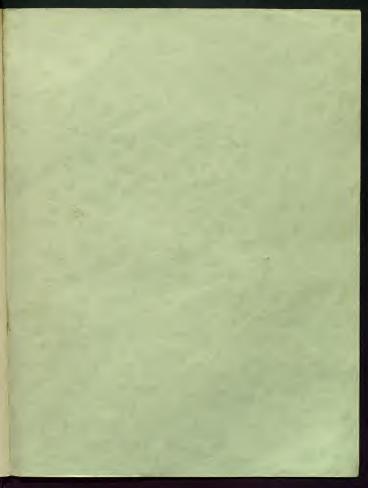
University College, Southampton: Main Door New Science Laboratory. Facing i, 1.

Vatnajökull (Iceland) (Photographs). Facing iii, 50.

Winchester Cathedral (from a photograph reproduced by kind permission of the "Times"). Facing ii, 1.

Winchester Mills (Map). Facing i, 63.

Winchester: The City Mill (Line Drawing). Facing i, 66. Old Winchester (Drawing by A. de Friston). iii, 83.





933 ESSEX